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Lewis and Clark's Fort Clatsop

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Plymouth

Commonwealth Winery
Lobrop Street
Plymouth, Massachusetts 02360
Telephone: (617) 746-4940
Winemaker and Founder: David Tower

A visit to Plymouth, Massachusetts, to see the remains of the famous landing rock and the living history of the Mayflower is an obligatory pilgrimage for families with young children. But what the adults interest in is the wine. The winery is located in the historic site of the Mayflower. A tour of the facility and tasting of its products will round out the day's activities.

Commonwealth Winery was founded in 1978 by David Tower, a much sought-after winemaker, who moved for his career to Plymouth, Massachusetts, to study viticulture at U.C. Davis and to work in the vineyards of the Mayflower. He purchased all of the grapes needed for production from local growers. The winery's products, some of which were planted under Mr. Tower's direction.

The thirty-minute tour of the winery begins with a video presentation of the vineyard, showing the growing, pruning, and other elements of wine production. Visitors are then guided through the fermenting area (the cellar) and the barrel room (the cellar). A delivery, across the parking lot to the warehouse, is taken on days when the bottling line is located there, and is frequently operational during summer months. Sampling of Commonwealth's products follows the tour in a spacious tasting room furnished with two round-up bars. Antique presses—apple, grape, and lemon—as well as other antique wine-making equipment are on display. The building, which was once an industrial site before it became a winery, is the building available for tasting, one of which is always the winery's popular and Commonwealth's product line is quite diversified for its 15,000 gallon annual output. It includes the aforementioned cranberry apple wine, five proprietary blends, some of which are named for the Mayflower (Plymouth Rock, Plymouth Rock White, etc.), and several wines

MASSACHUSETTS

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Chicima Vineyards
Stoney Hill Road
West Tibbury, Massachusetts 02575
Telephone: (517) 653-2509
Owners: Catherine and George Mathison

Grapes have always grown wild on the island of Martha's Vineyard, now the island also has a thriving commercial vineyard to supply its customers—Chicima Vineyards, founded in 1971 by George and Catherine Mathison. The moderating climate of the Gulf Stream is favorable to the island's many sophisticated vacationers—especially on days when they've had too much sun or the weather isn't cooperating with beach activities.

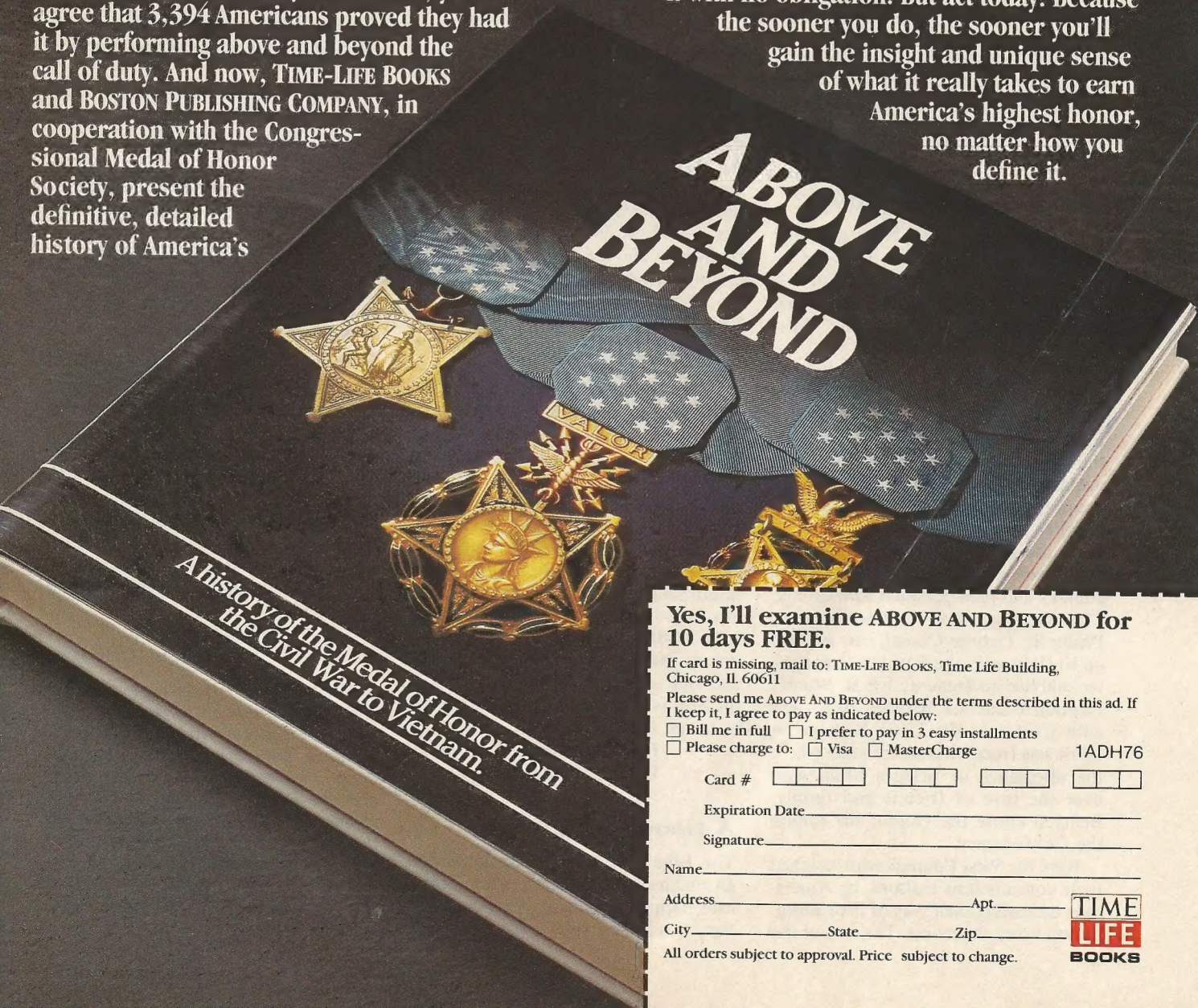
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A Teacher's View

I have taught American history for eight years. During this time I have constantly searched for innovative materials to stir interest in my students. In this search I have found your magazine to be an excellent teaching tool.

My students are responsible for reading a set number of pages covering different areas of American history. I provide them a required reading list from which to choose reading material. I have included a number of articles out of *American History Illustrated* on the student's required reading list. My students have found these articles to be very interesting and informative. The school librarian keeps all issues of the magazines for future use by upcoming classes.

Your magazine is an asset to any American History teacher and high school library. I felt it necessary to share with you how your publication is being used to enlighten and enhance student awareness of American history.

Sandy Cook

West Memphis, Arkansas

Gentlemen or Traitors?

After reading the letter, "Gentlemen or Traitors?" written by Mr. Howard L. Campbell of Conneaut, Ohio [page 6-7 in the June issue], I dug out my April issue to reread "Rebels from West Point."

The past four years I have been conducting a study of the Plains Indian wars, and often encounter those who use Mr. Campbell's reasoning, that of the application of a 1985 emotional evaluation, to explain, praise, or condemn the actions of the combatants of another time.

At the onset of hostilities in 1861, many were caught between the love of country and their personal convictions. The Virginian and Union General, Philip St. George Cooke, saw his son go to fight with the South, his daughter married to General J.E.B. Stuart. Captain Frederick Benteen (who was with Custer at the Little Bighorn in 1876) was from Missouri, a state where the allegiance of politics often won over the love of friends and family. Benteen chose the Union; his family the Confederacy.

Were the West Pointers who resigned their commissions traitors, or Americans defending their way of life? Resignation is not desertion. The aim of the

Confederacy was to build and defend if need be, a new nation, not destroy the old one. Beyond vengeance, what national good would have come from the killing of the military and civilian leaders of the defeated Confederacy? For whatever their reasons, the war is over. In his second inaugural address, President Lincoln said, "With malice toward none, with charity for all, let us bind up the Nation's wounds." He was saying that there had been enough bloodshed.

Mr. Campbell was right on one point. It was a mean, dirty, terrible war. However, can we today honestly judge the actions of those brave men who served their country, both Blue and Gray, in a time our great grandfather cannot remember? I think not.

Charles M. Cook

Champaign, Illinois

In response to the letter published in the June 1985 issue, "Gentlemen or Traitors?":

It is certainly a shame to read the dastardly way in which this letter treats the men of the South for standing up for their rights and way of life. If you examine the situation more clearly, you'll find the War of 1861, based on economics and the desire of the Northern businessmen to take the land from the Southern plantation owners and keep the new territories coming in on their side so they could control the money better, used the poor slaves as an issue and excuse to bludgeon the hot-tempered Southerners into a war.

Anybody in their right mind would realize that slavery would have outlived its usefulness in ten years anyway, and the black people would have been cared for much better than they were.

In closing, I hope that Americans everywhere will realize that these Southern generals, gentlemen all, good 'ole boy or not, were soldiers as we have soldiers today, and a soldier today as then, is to be honored most of all. That soldier, North or South, East or West is concerned with fighting the war, not starting it.

Paul Christopher Moschette
Lancaster, Pennsylvania

A Good Suggestion

The June 1985 issue, offering readers an encapsulated review of the momentous happenings during 1945, was perfect in recalling such a historical era.

Suggestions on books which would offer more comprehensive histories pertinent to the different areas would have been helpful. I, myself, would like to read more about the Nuremberg trials.

James M. Harlow

Valley Center, California

We will endeavor to follow Mr. Harlow's suggestion regarding suggested reading in our future issues, as space permits. Ed.

Street of Sorrows

The cutline for the picture on page 13 [accompanying "1945: A Year in History"] of the June issue is in error. It states that President Roosevelt's "funeral cortege marched down Pennsylvania Avenue." The scene portrayed is on Constitution Avenue, with the Department of Commerce Building on the left and an old toll gate booth on the right.

I was in Lafayette Square, right across from the White House, when the cortege entered the White House grounds.

It's a great shot, anyway, and thank you for the reminder of that sad, sunny day.

Sydney H. Kasper

Silver Spring, Maryland

Who Was Worse?

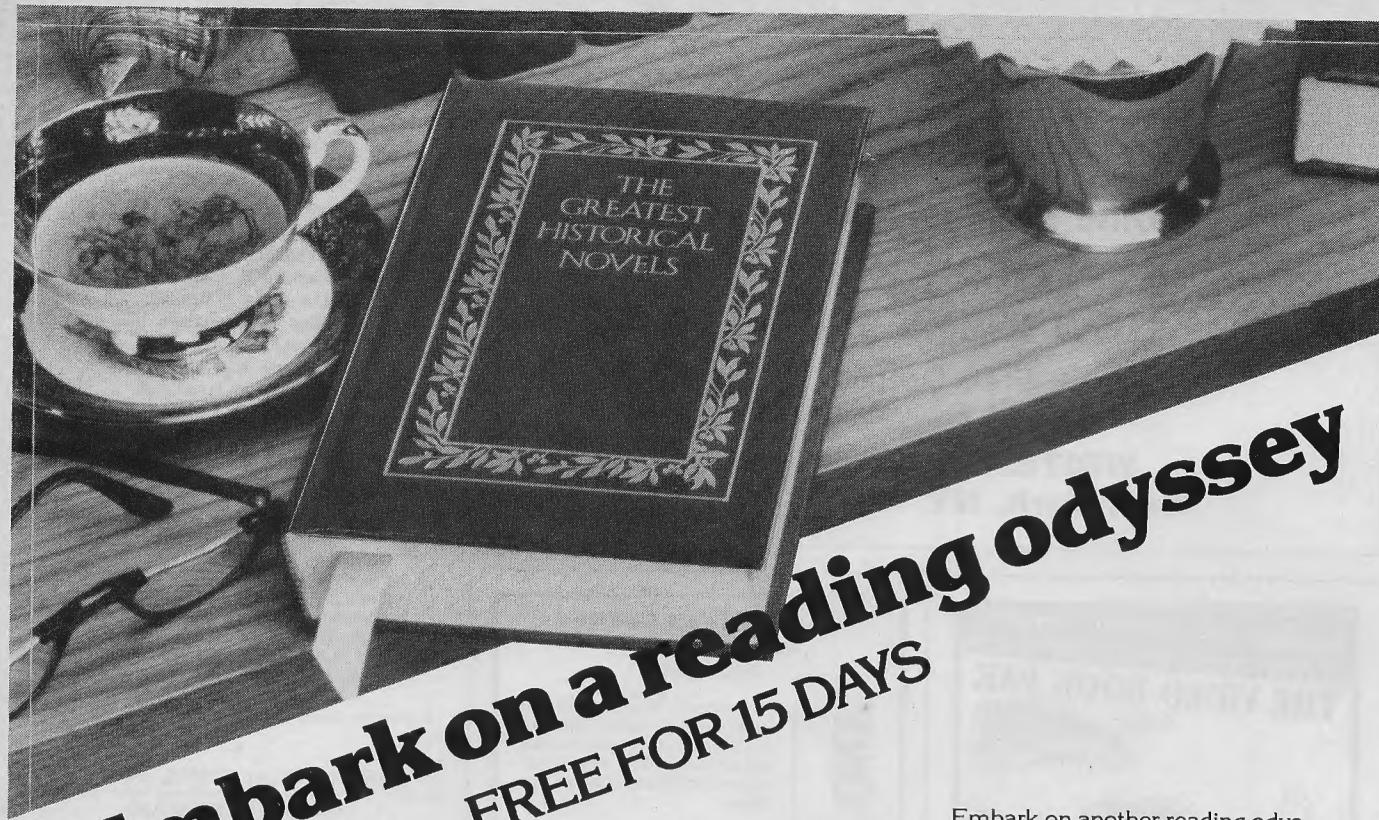
In your June 1985 issue [on page 14] you state: "Hitler was responsible for more deaths than probably anyone in history. . . ."

This statement is false and inaccurate. In his thirty years in power, Joseph Stalin murdered twenty million Russians. This figure is double the number who died in the Nazi death camps. The worst holocaust in history is *Stalin's murder* of twenty million human beings.

Susan Atondo

San Marino, California

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Cover

Having completed their epic westward crossing of North America, members of the Lewis and Clark Expedition spent their last winter in the wilderness at Fort Clatsop, a small log fort near the mouth of the Columbia River in present-day Oregon. Today, National Park Service rangers (seen here at Youngs River Falls, a local landmark described by the explorers) bring 1805-06 alive again at a recreated Fort Clatsop. An article on this outpost begins on page 22.

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American History Today

Fastest Experimental Submarine Becomes a Museum

The USS *Albacore*, once the world's fastest submarine, was towed through the harbor at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and hauled ashore to a permanent berth at the Portsmouth Submarine Association's Albacore Park on May 4. The complicated engineering feat was witnessed by more than ten thousand spectators.

Moving the 205-foot, 1,350-ton submarine from her temporary berth at the Portsmouth Naval Shipyard to Albacore Park was accomplished in a single day, but it followed months of preparation. A canal had to be cut through a major highway and flooded with water. The submarine was then maneuvered into a custom-designed cradle and slowly winched up an eight-hundred-foot marine railway to her final destination.

Moving the boat through the man-made channel involved precise timing, calculated to correspond with high tide. The most difficult part of the \$700,000 project was getting the submarine into the cradle that hauled her out of the water.



The *Albacore* now rests on an eight-acre site that has recently been opened to the public. Construction of an adjacent maritime museum is underway. The park is expected to host more than fifty thousand visitors annually.

Built at the Portsmouth Naval Shipyard at nearby Kittery, Maine, the USS *Albacore* (AGSS 569) was commissioned on December 5, 1953. Built with a revolutionary whale-shaped hull and a conventional (non nuclear) power plant, she was the first modern sub-

marine designed to travel faster submerged than on the surface. Her primary mission was to provide data for future submarine construction; major elements of her hull design, instrumentation, and controls have been integrated into virtually every subsequent U.S. Navy submarine. In 1966 the *Albacore* set a world's record for speed while submerged. She was decommissioned in 1972 after twenty years of naval service and numerous experimental modifications.

Lost Village of Encino Found

Archaeologists in Los Angeles County have unearthed what they believe to be the "Lost Village of Encino," an Indian community of hunters and gatherers visited by Spanish explorer Don Gaspar de Portola in 1769, in the first recorded European encounter with the natives of the San Fernando Valley. The Lost Village is said to have been inhabited from prehistoric times through the eighteenth century.

The very rare discovery, considered to be one of the most significant archaeological sites currently worked in the country, has yielded more than ten thousand decorative shell beads, eight hundred stone tools, three hundred bone tools, part of an Indian cemetery, and the skeletons of two Indian women believed to be about two thousand years old. Some of the artifacts date back three thousand years, while others are only two hundred years old.

Scientists have little doubt that the site is the Lost Village of Encino, citing the discovery of a European glass bead from the era of Spanish exploration of California as evidence that the



village was visited by Spanish traders—possibly the Portola party.

Only three such discoveries have been made in Los Angeles County in thirty years. Unfortunately, the heavily-urbanized area, which might have otherwise yielded scores of archaeologically significant sites, has been disrupted by twentieth-century builders.

In 1970, a state law was adopted requiring developers to have archaeologists supervise digging on any proposed construction site that might yield artifacts of historical significance, to preclude further destruction of such finds. A restaurant on the site of the Lost Village was recently torn down to make way for an office and condominium

project near the intersection of Balboa and Ventura boulevards, in a heavily-populated, urban section of Los Angeles. Construction crews grading the site uncovered human remains, and immediately called in archaeologists to examine the burial ground.

The Gabrieleno village, referred to as the "Lost Village" because researchers were previously unable to pinpoint its location, was described by Father Juan Crespi, who wrote that Portola's party stopped at an Indian village on August 5, 1769, after traveling through the Santa Monica mountains. "We reached a very large pool of fresh water where we met two very large villages of very friendly tractable Heathens; the men, women and children must amount to nearly 200 souls."

Researchers at the University of California at Los Angeles and at the head archaeologist's laboratory are studying the artifacts, piecing together a more complete picture of life at the village. The site's owner, the First Financial Group, will donate the artifacts to the Los Encinos State Park. ★

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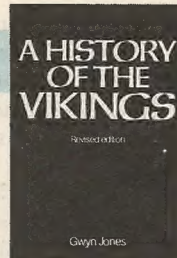
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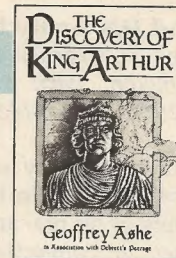
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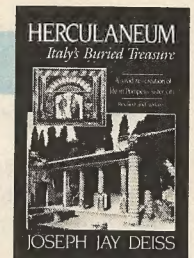
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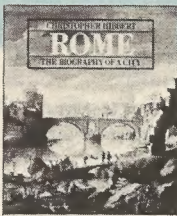
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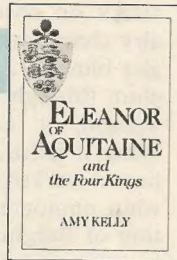
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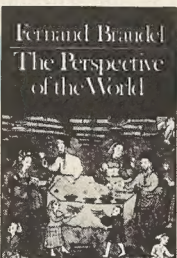
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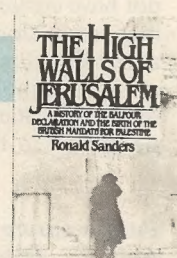
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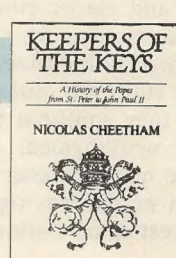
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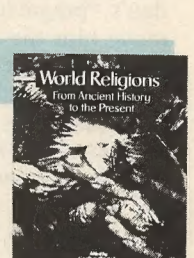
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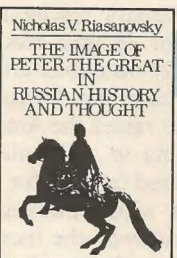
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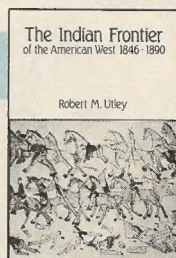
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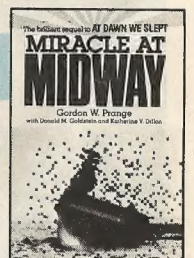
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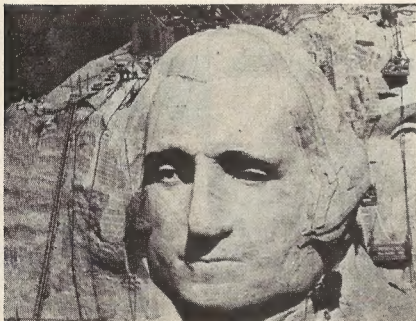
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History Bookshelf

Phil Sheridan and His Army by Paul Andrew Hutton (*University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 1985; 512 pages, illustrated, \$29.95 cloth, \$14.95 paper*).

Best remembered for his cavalry exploits during the Civil War, Philip H. Sheridan spent the bulk of his pre- and post-Civil War career in connection with the expanding frontier. Professor Hutton's biography is the first comprehensive study of Sheridan's longer and more significant roles as the nation's chief Indian fighter and commander of the Army. Hutton documents Sheridan's relationships with his subordinates, the nature of his army and campaigns, and the unique circumstances of Sheridan's dealings with the Indians. The general was also instrumental in the establishment of the National Park System. According to the author, Sheridan's "pragmatism and elastic ethics made him the perfect soldier for the Gilded Age. He carried out the dictates of his government, ruthlessly quashing opponents, be they southern redeemers, northern workingmen, or western Indians. He never faltered in the belief that what he did was right and in the best interest of his nation."



The Carving of Mount Rushmore by Rex Alan Smith (*Abbeville Press, New York, 1985; 415 pages, illustrated, \$19.95*).

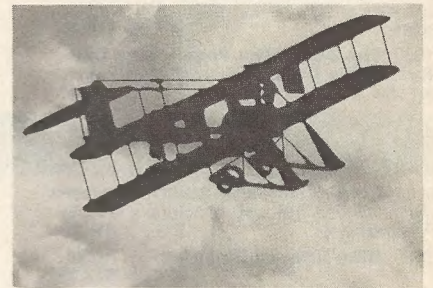
It is appropriate that a monumental book should tell the complete story of the world's largest and most spectacular sculpture. Rex Alan Smith, who grew up within sight of Mount Rushmore, and who watched the images of four presidents emerge from its granite face, has created an in-depth, powerful, and entertaining story not only of one of history's most amazing artistic and engineering feats, but also of the egocentric sculptor, Gutzon Borglum, and the rowdy band of men he led during the fourteen-year project. Drawing from

diaries, previously unpublished documents, and interviews with twenty-five key figures involved in the carving of Mount Rushmore, he has produced a narrative that carries the reader from a small, dusty sculptor's workshop in Paris to the cliffs of South Dakota. Smith describes Borglum's attitude toward the sculpture (which he originally conceived to be even grander than the actual completed monument) as an attack on obstacles: "A sudden cavalry charge with flags flying and bugles blowing . . . was typical of Borglum throughout his career. When it worked, it accomplished wonders. When it failed, it was disastrous. This time it worked." Over sixty black-and-white photographs document the creation of Borglum's masterpiece. Smith is quick to point out that even Borglum's incredible energy and ego could not have created the Mount Rushmore monument alone; it also took the vision and dedication of many others—from an aging scholar to the president of the United States—to bring the gigantic project to fruition.

Deliverance at Los Banos by Anthony Arthur (*St. Martin's Press, New York, 1985; 287 pages, illustrated, \$16.95*).

One of the most dramatic rescue missions of World War II was accomplished with virtually no public attention because, on the same day, February 23, 1945, six Marines raised the American flag at Iwo Jima in a singularly striking scene captured on film for the world to see. That widely-publicized photograph overshadowed the incredible rescue of over two thousand civilian prisoners of war interned at Los Baños on the Philippine island of Luzon. Combined forces of the Eleventh Airborne Division and Filipino guerrillas, with only eight hours in which to complete their mission, stormed the camp thirty miles inside Japanese lines. There they rescued Americans from every walk of life—priests, prostitutes, millionaires, and con men—any civilian captured in the Philippines during the Japanese occupation of 1942. Enduring horrifying conditions as the years of war dragged on, internees had been driven to eat their own leather belts and forage through garbage for sustenance. Many were dying of starvation, and the general fear was that all would be executed before Americans

could free them. Yet, in just a few hours, the rescue was completed with no fatalities. Relying on diaries and on interviews with survivors of Los Baños, Dr. Arthur has woven a compelling narrative of the Los Baños mission.



Flight of the Vin Fiz by E.P. Stein (*Arbor House, New York, 1985; 351 pages, illustrated, \$16.95*).

On December 10, 1911, less than eight years after the Wright brothers flew at Kitty Hawk, Calbraith Perry Rodgers completed the first coast-to-coast air crossing of the United States. Yet, this dramatic episode in aviation history is largely forgotten today, as is the soft drink, Vin Fiz, after which Rodgers's plane was named. A descendant of commodores Matthew Calbraith Perry and Oliver Hazard Perry (and a veteran of only three months of flying experience), Rodgers undertook the adventure "because everything else I've done was not important." It was not idealism alone that inspired the flight, however, but also a desire to win the \$50,000 purse offered by newspaper publisher William Randolph Hearst to the first flyer to cross the country in under thirty days. Rodgers was not able to accomplish that feat: the crossing took him eighty-four days, and twelve crashes and rebuildings of the *Vin Fiz*. The Vin Fiz Company would reduce its backing as sponsor, Hearst would not be forthcoming with the prize money, and Rodgers would be seriously injured in crashes, but when he finally completed his odyssey from Long Island, New York, to Long Beach, California, he was a national hero. Ironically, just four months later Rodgers would die in a crash only yards from where his epic flight had ended, and where Long Beach residents planned to erect a monument to his achievement. Stein's book, based on extensive research and hundreds of interviews, provides a fascinating account of a long-under-rated milestone in aviation history. ★

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The Flight that Changed the World

by Edward Oxford

Hiroshima.
Monday, August 6, 1945.

It is a pleasant enough morning—the sky blue and clear, the sun already quite warm. A bit past 8:16. A time of destiny.

Then, in a star-flash, what had been—no longer is. The explosion is awesome.

In the first millisecond, its burst of light becomes a fireball hundreds of feet, then thousands of feet, across. The temperature at its core is as that of the surface of the sun.

Everything within three hundred yards of the blast's centerpoint is incinerated. Houses three miles away are aflame. Ten thousand buildings are destroyed by the shock wave.

Within nine seconds, eighty thousand people are killed outright or mortally wounded. Tens of thousands more will die from radiation sickness. The shadows of what

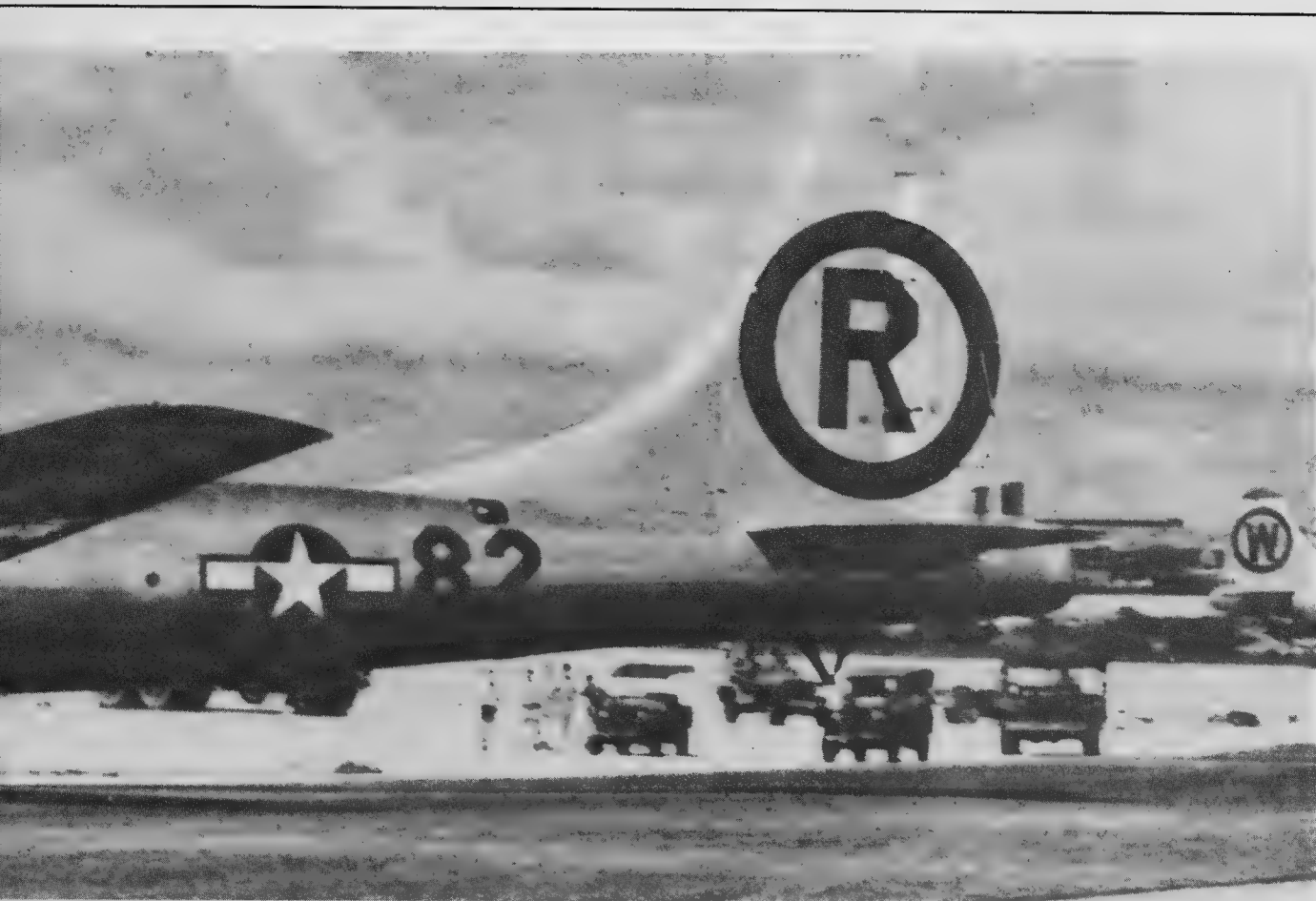
had been human beings are scorched onto concrete walls.

Hiroshima is a firestorm. Although one more bomb will be needed to convince Japanese leaders, World War II is, for all intents and purposes, over. And the world is changed forever.

Hiroshima summons up memories of a day long ago and a place far away—a day and a place perhaps now, ironically, closer to us all than they have ever been before.

Paul Tibbets has particular cause for remembrance. He piloted the B-29 Superfortress that dropped the atomic bomb on Hiroshima.

His thick, wavy hair is gunmetal gray now. But the seventy-year-old flyer is still trim, keen-eyed, fast of mind. These days he is the hard-working chairman of Executive Jet Aviation, Inc., an all-jet air-taxi company located in Columbus, Ohio. Retired from the Air Force



The date: August 6, 1945.
The plane: “Enola Gay.”
The pilot: Colonel Paul W. Tibbets.
The target: Hiroshima.

with the rank of brigadier general, the legendary pilot still holds the Hiroshima mission—and its super-secret setting—in vivid memory.

On a recent afternoon, Tibbets sat at ease in his office, quietly conversing with the author of this article. On a bookcase was a photograph of the crew who served with him on the history-changing flight. He spoke in the earnest, straightforward tones of America’s heartland, an unpretentious Midwesterner born and bred. Matter-of-factly, he told of the way the flight came to be.

Tibbets seemed destined to live it.

He took his first plane ride back in 1927, as a twelve-year-old in the back of a two-seater—dropping Baby Ruth candy bars, tied to little parachutes, onto crowds at a racetrack as a promotional stunt.

“I wanted wings,” Tibbets recalls with a grin. “Bootlegged some flying lessons when I was growing up. My mind was in the sky. I was in my third year of college,

Transformed overnight into one of the most significant aircraft in history, the B-29 Superfortress Enola Gay taxis back to its parking area on Tinian after dropping the world’s first operational atomic bomb on Hiroshima, Japan, on August 6, 1945.

on my way toward being a doctor, when flying won out.”

Tibbets, at twenty-two, came home during Christmas vacation in 1936 to tell his folks that he had joined the U.S. Army Air Corps.

“I blurted out, ‘I’m going to fly airplanes.’ My dad said he thought I was making a mistake. My mother told me, ‘Paul, if you want to fly airplanes, you go ahead. You’ll do all right.’”

He would always remember his mother’s confidence in him. And he became a flyer.

“We all knew war would be coming. War games were

“We were fighting a war for survival, and that’s what my mission was all about.”



PHOTOGRAPH BY JIM EVANS PHOTO SERVICE

held. I remember we’d do low level flights over Boston and New York, imaginary bombing runs.”

With the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, the youngster who had joined the Army so that he could fly was about to learn that flyers had to fight.

Tibbets flew—and fought—in distinguished fashion. He became a master B-17 pilot. He led the first American daylight raid on Hitler’s occupied Europe, the first mass air attack across the English Channel, the first American air raid in North Africa. In the course of forty combat missions, he wrote the book on bombing techniques.

And he went on to flight-test the new B-29 Superfortress when some thought it was too dangerous to handle. Intelligent, reticent, rock-steady—here was an air-fighter with poise, a man who could command, a flyer who could carry through on just about any mission.

By any measure, Tibbets was one of America’s finest bomber pilots. And he was to become its most famous one.

In September 1944, the twenty-nine-year-old colonel learned that he had been chosen to lead a history-making mission—a mission so secret that he had to conceal its nature not only from his family and friends, but even from those who served with him.

His life interwoven with aviation after Hiroshima as well as before it, seventy-year-old Paul W. Tibbets remains active today as chairman of an executive jet commuter company. Although he has found controversy to be an inevitable result of his World War II role, Tibbets retains his conviction that the atomic bombing of Japan was a necessary step in ending the war promptly and saving millions of American and Japanese lives.

He would be expected to set up a secret air force of his own—called the 509th Composite Group—comprised of fifteen B-29 Superfortresses, fifteen flight crews, and eighteen hundred support personnel. Using the code word “Silverplate,” Tibbets had carte blanche to requisition whatever equipment he needed to carry out his mission.

And his was the ultimate mission: to carry to a target a single atomic weapon whose power would be equivalent to thousands of tons of high explosive. One plane—his plane—would, through the wizardry of nuclear physics, become as two thousand bombers striking at once.

“It was bewildering,” Tibbets recalls. “I was to train people in secret to drop a bomb that hadn’t been built, on a target that hadn’t been chosen.”

In meetings at Los Alamos, New Mexico, with physicist J. Robert Oppenheimer, scientific director of the Man-

ENOLA GAY

2

UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS



hattan Project, Tibbets learned of the efforts of scientists to perfect the atomic bomb. Pilot and physicist talked about, among other things, the risks. Of the bomb jamming in the bomb bay. Of the bomb detonating ahead of time. Of the bomb not detonating at all. Oppenheimer warned Tibbets that the shock wave from the explosion could destroy his plane: "I am afraid I can give you no guarantee that you will survive."

From a remote base on the salt flats of Utah, Tibbets and his secret B-29 force made practice bombing runs over the vast desert reaches of the Southwest. For months, his crew and their fellow crews kept dropping "pumpkins"—concrete-laden prototypes of the atomic bomb—from thirty thousand feet. They aimed at a circle four hundred feet in diameter: bombardiers, using the renowned Norden bombsight, were expected to hit well within the circle.

"The scientists figured we'd have to be eight to ten miles away from our bomb when it went off," Tibbets recounts. "We'd have about forty-three seconds to get clear of it. I figured the trick would be to make our bomber

As commander of the 509th Composite Group, Paul Tibbets not only piloted the Enola Gay on its fateful mission but was also responsible for the planning, training, and performance of the fifteen-bomber, eighteen-hundred-man secret air force that waged atomic war against Japan. Above, the thirty-year-old colonel stands by the Enola Gay shortly after the Hiroshima flight.

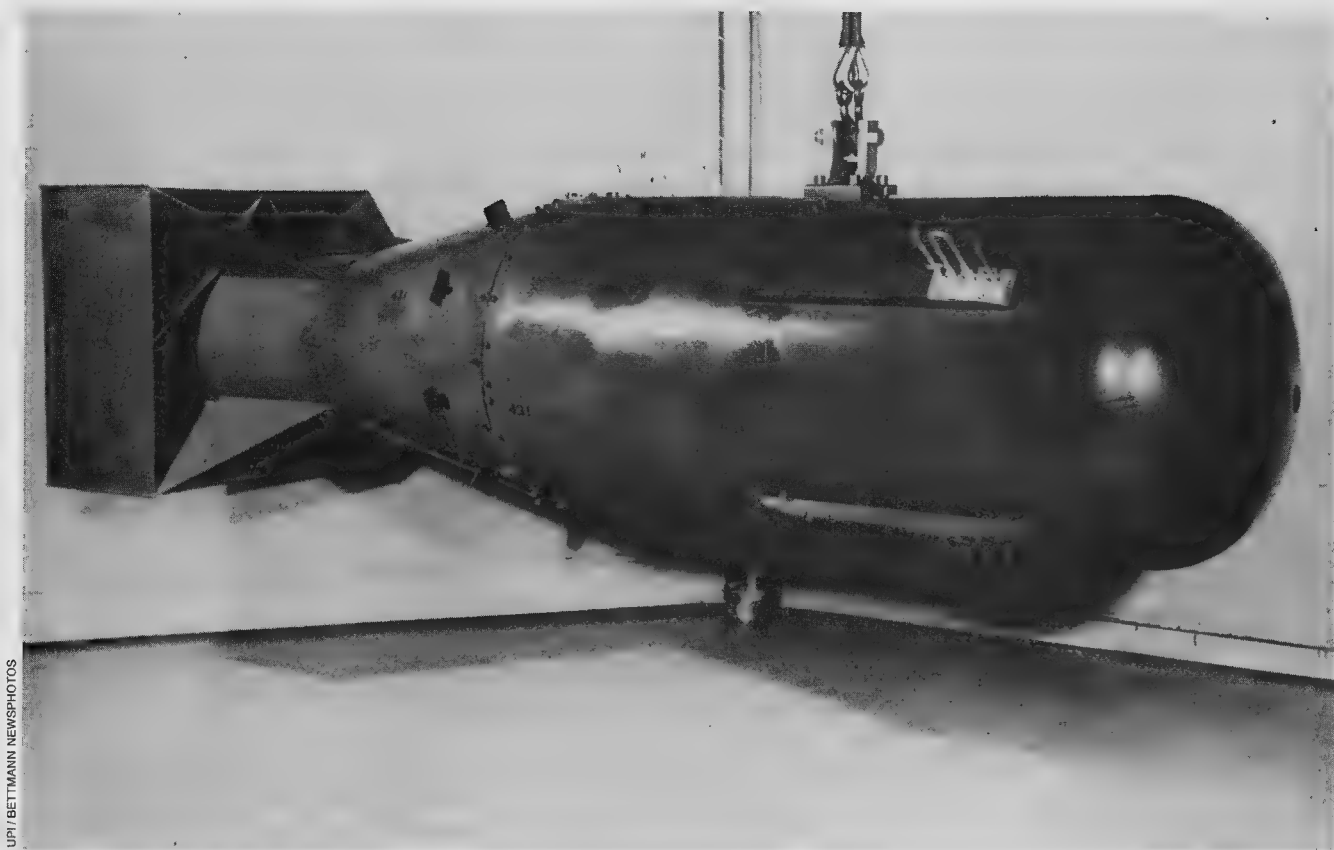
do a fighter turn—practically a U-turn—to get out of the blast area." Tibbets discovered he could put his B-29 into a near-stall turn—"until the tail shook and started talking to me"—and then turn at a 155-degree angle for the escape.

With the death of President Franklin Roosevelt on April 12, 1945, America found itself with a new leader, President Harry Truman—a man every bit as intent as his predecessor on achieving a resounding victory over Germany and Japan. "By then," Tibbets says, "my crews were ready. I felt like a football coach. If I over-trained them, they would lose their edge."

At this point, he knew that the scientists were well along on the bomb. The first and only test was scheduled for mid-July in the New Mexico desert. Assuming the "device" worked, plans called for Tibbets to drop the bomb on an enemy target in early August. It seemed

Suggested additional reading: The Tibbets Story by Paul W. Tibbets, Jr., with Clair Stebbins and Harry Franken (Stein and Day, 1978); and Enola Gay by Gordon Thomas and Max Morgan Witts (Stein and Day, 1977).

“Little Boy” seems gracelessly shaped—a grim, gray-green chunk of a cylinder ten feet long, weighing nine thousand pounds.



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

likely that Germany would surrender before the A-bomb was ready. By summer, the lone enemy would be Japan.

Tibbets remembers asking Oppenheimer: “Oppy, what are you waiting on?”

Replied the physicist: “I want the chance of a failure to be one in a million.”

Tibbets: “What have we got now?”

Oppenheimer: “One in ten thousand.”

Tibbets: “Oppy, I’ll take one in ten thousand anytime.”

Soon thereafter, Tibbets was granted a special privilege: to choose his own B-29 for the mission. At a bomber plant in Omaha, Nebraska, he selected one from the assembly line. Its aluminum skin was marked with a lipstick kissprint signed “Dottie,” put there by an aircraft worker.

As V-E Day thrilled America in May 1945, Tibbets and his 509th Composite Group were on their way to Tinian Island in the Pacific. At that time, it held the world’s largest operational airfield. A steady stream of bombers flew missions against Japan, about fourteen hundred miles to the northwest. It would be from Tinian, a plateau atop jagged cliffs of lava jutting up from the ocean, that Tibbets was to set forth on “Operation Centerboard,” the atomic attack on Japan.

“Bit by bit, our crews dropped simulated atomic bombs

Dubbed “Little Boy,” the Hiroshima bomb contained a six-foot-long gun-shaped tube down which an explosive charge would drive a block of uranium against a second block of U-235 to initiate an atomic explosion. Equalling the power of about twenty thousand tons of TNT, the bomb was set to detonate eighteen hundred feet above its target.

filled with black powder on selected targets in Japan,” Tibbets recalls. “Our boys would make daylight raids from high up, in flights of two or three bombers at a time. We wanted to get the Japanese used to seeing just small groups of B-29s.”

Tibbets was forbidden to take part in these test runs over Japan, to avoid the risk of his falling into enemy hands. And the flights avoided certain cities, Hiroshima among them, that had been reserved as possible atomic-bomb targets.

By mid-June 1945, plans were being secretly completed in Washington for the invasion of Japan. The first landing, code named “Olympic,” would put eight hundred thousand American troops ashore on the island of Kyushu in early November. A second invasion, with a commitment of 1,200,000 troops, was to take place in the spring of 1946 near Tokyo.

Tibbets was one of the few who realized that the mas-



sive invasions would probably not have to happen. He felt confident his force could help put an immediate end to the war and, in so doing, save hundreds of thousands—quite likely millions—of lives, both American and Japanese.

The scientists, meanwhile, were to prove out their atomic theories with devastating clarity. In the predawn blackness of July 16, at the bomb test site near Alamogordo, New Mexico, came the first flash of cosmic fire, the light of many suns in one. Onlooking Robert Oppenheimer remembered a line from sacred Hindu writings: "I am become Death, the destroyer of worlds."

A few days later, in an operation code-named "Bronx Shipments," a guarded truck left Los Alamos. It bore a fifteen-foot-long crate, which contained the atomic bomb's inner "cannon," as well as a two-foot-high lead-lined cylinder bearing the uranium projectile that would initiate the atomic explosion. Shortly, the crate and the cylinder were aboard the cruiser USS *Indianapolis*, bound for Tinian Island.

Victory—a successful and swift completion of war in the Pacific—had become for America a devout wish. The attack on Pearl Harbor was well remembered by the nation. And the cost of island-hopping kept going up.

More than three years' worth of American casualties

Months of intense preparation behind him, Colonel Tibbets (center, facing camera, in dark cap) gives his twelve-man crew final instructions before their 2:45 A.M. takeoff for Japan. The flight from Tinian to Hiroshima and back would span twenty-nine hundred miles and twelve hours.

in the war against Japan had hardened President Truman's resolve to secure unconditional surrender. He warned the Japanese people of utter destruction if their government persisted in waging war. In due course, Truman gave the go-ahead to use the bomb.

Policymakers pondered the last-minute possibility of a demonstration bomb drop—perhaps off the coast of Japan—to persuade the Japanese leaders to surrender. The idea was ruled out: the bomb might prove to be a dud. A panel of scientists reluctantly concluded that "we can propose no technical demonstration likely to end the war; we see no acceptable alternative to direct military use."

The die had been cast.

The "final twenty-four hours" are ever with Tibbets, frames of action held motionless in his memory. As he speaks of them, these four decades later, he seems suddenly back there once again.

Hiroshima is clear and bright in the morning sun. “I recognize it from all the photos we had studied. I can distinguish the rivers, the streets, even gardens.”

Sunday, August 5th is sun-bright, another Tinian Island day that will swelter above the one-hundred-degree mark.

“It’s an edgy sort of day,” recalls Tibbets. “Getting every last thing ready. Checking. Re-checking. In those times I was something of a smoker. Cigarettes. Cigars. Pipes. You can bet I was doing a lot of smoking that particular day.”

In an operations hut, a clerk turns out Order No. 35 on a duplicating machine. The single-page timetable describes the final steps for the air strike. It refers to the one bomb to be carried as “special.” It will be dropped on Monday morning.

“Little Boy,” as the bomb is called, seems gracelessly shaped—a grim, gray-green chunk of a cylinder ten feet long, twenty-eight inches in diameter, weighing about nine thousand pounds. A box-fin sprouts from its tail end. Its uranium-235 payload packs the destructive power of some twenty thousand tons of TNT. Surrounded by scientists and military police, it is trucked to a big pit and, behind a canvas screen, lowered onto a hydraulic lift. Tibbets guides his B-29 into position over the pit. Working the lift upward, ground crew members slowly hoist the bomb into the bomb bay. There, it is suspended by means of a large hook. The bomb bay doors close.

Navy Captain William Parsons, the weaponeer assigned to “arm” the bomb, tells Tibbets he wants to handle that delicate task while the aircraft is in flight. He is fearful that the bomb might explode prematurely, taking with it much of Tinian—and the rare bit of uranium contained within the weapon itself.

“I tell him to go ahead with the plan,” Tibbets says. “I feel he can do it. All day long Parsons is in a hut, practicing the eleven steps it takes to arm that thing.”

In a final test flight, a back-up B-29 flies high above the ocean near Tinian. It releases a dummy atomic bomb, fused to emit a puff of smoke at 1,850 feet—at the same altitude the real bomb is supposed to detonate. Scientists track the fall. Ominously, the bomb hits the water, smokeless.

Tibbets had ordered red arrows painted on the bombers of the 509th to make his group distinctive. Intelligence wants him to take the arrows off, and use a simple letter designation, like that used by other groups, in their place. Tibbets has a big black “R” painted on his plane’s tail.

In late afternoon, Tibbets summons one of the ground crew to do another, more elaborate paint job. “It seemed to me that the plane deserved a name—not a jokey name, but a distinctive name, because this flight would go down in history. I thought of my mother’s maiden name, Enola Gay. It was an unusual name. A name that would be remembered.” The crewman paints the name in black

letters near the nose of the bomber, under the pilot’s window.

In the evening, fire trucks are stationed along the runway selected for the *Enola Gay*’s takeoff.

Late at night, Tibbets stops at “Dogpatch Inn,” the mess hall, for his favorite dish: “a stack of pineapple fritters.”

The group’s surgeon brings Tibbets a matchbox. It contains twelve capsules, each filled with cyanide—one for each man aboard the *Enola Gay*. “They work with no pain,” says the surgeon. Later Tibbets tells his crew members of the capsules. One says: “We’re coming back. Keep ‘em, Colonel.”

At midnight, Tibbets conducts a final briefing. He refers to the weapon as being “very powerful”—with the potential “to end the war.” Reading from the back of an envelope, a chaplain intones a prayer he had composed. It includes the words: “We pray Thee that the end of the war may come soon, and that once more we may know peace on earth.”

In the first hour of Monday, August 6, Tibbets lies wide-awake on his bunk. “It’s all my responsibility. I keep wondering if I had overlooked anything. We had prepared so hard for this flight. I keep going over all the steps in my mind. So much counts on it.”

Tibbets steps outside of his Quonset hut and looks up at the stars. A couple of the crew members wander over and they talk for a while “about one thing and another.” Other crewmen play poker. Write letters. Pray.

A little after 1:30 A.M. three B-29s take off in the blackness. They are weather planes, flying in advance of the *Enola Gay*, to scout cloud cover over the three cities scheduled as possible targets: Hiroshima, Kokura, and Nagasaki.

Finally, it is 2:00 A.M. Piling into jeeps, the crew members of the *Enola Gay* head for their aircraft.

They pose for a final picture, then gather up their pistols, parachutes, and flak suits. Tibbets jams his “good luck” aluminum cigarette case into his coveralls. The twelve men climb into the plane.

At 2:45 A.M., on the dot of schedule, Tibbets guns the *Enola Gay* down the chipped coral runway. Laden with seven thousand gallons of gasoline and a four-and-a-half-ton bomb, the B-29 has to use the full two miles of runway to make it into the air.

“There is no moon,” Tibbets recollects. “For a while, I ride at about five thousand feet. The bomb bay is not pressurized, so I have to give Parsons the chance to do his work in it.”

Using a flashlight, Parsons and his assistant weaponeer work in the pitch-black bomb bay, inserting a slug of uranium and an explosive trigger-charge into “Little Boy.”



After a grueling half-hour, their delicate deed is done.

The *Enola Gay* is being followed in the darkness by two other B-29s—the *Great Artiste*, which is to drop instruments to measure the bomb's power, and *91*, assigned to make a motion-picture record of the event.

The tail-gunner test-fires his machine guns.

"In that part of the world at night," Tibbets points out, "there is usually a layer of broken clouds at about nine thousand feet. Climb on top of that deck and it's as smooth as silk. So I slowly head to that altitude and hold at it."

The *Enola Gay* flies steadily on. A picket line of submarines and flying boats, spotted at strategic points almost all the way to Japan, offers the crew a chance of rescue if they have to ditch.

In spare moments the men nap, read paperbacks, eat sandwiches, chatter back and forth on the intercom—men seemingly on just another flight, but each sensing

Exploding at 8:16 A.M., "Little Boy" instantly destroyed five square miles of Hiroshima, killing an estimated eighty thousand inhabitants. Within minutes the boiling cloud of radioactive gases and dust reached the Enola Gay's twenty-nine-thousand-foot altitude, and it was still visible when the bomber was three hundred miles away on its return flight.

it is quite unlike any other flight, ever.

It is about 4:30 A.M. when Tibbets clears away the mystery that had enfolded the mission of the 509th from its very start. For almost a year, the crew members have only been able to guess at the true nature of their secret assignment.

"I think it is time you fellows know what we have in the bomb bay," he announces. "It's an atomic bomb. We're splitting atoms this morning. This is the most im-

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Georgia Arbuckle Fix: Silver Dollar Surgeon

by Nancy Bell Rollings

The medical case of Eli Beebe, circa 1890, was a doctor's nightmare. The man's skull was crushed, his brain exposed, and he lay many long prairie miles from help. The dreadful injury had resulted from a farming accident on a homestead in Scotts Bluff County, Nebraska.

At the time there was only one doctor for all of the settlers, cowboys, and fortune seekers in the entire North Platte Valley. This indispensable healer was a single woman living in a one-room sod house near Minatare.

When Georgia Arbuckle Fix reached Beebe's side, there was not a moment left for hesitation. Deftly she cleaned the gaping wound, removing fragments of bone from the fragile surface of Beebe's brain. Realizing that her medicine kit lacked adequate materials for such an emergency, she drew a silver dollar from her bag. Then she hammered the coin into a thin disk, placed it over the wound, and closed the scalp with delicate stitches.

Beebe lived to an old age with that lifesaving silver dollar in his head. Dr. Fix's daring procedure is credited as being one of the first successful brain operations using a metal plate.

Who was this resourceful woman who navigated the prairie in a custom-made buggy, taking payment in firewood or fresh farm eggs? Her name is unmentioned in most histories of the American West, and yet she made a lasting mark. Kindness, self-reliance, and a large dose of spunk guided her career and vividly impressed the people she served. As one friend in Gering, Nebraska, said, "Not everyone agreed with her ideas, but she didn't take any sass from anyone. She figured she was the authority on medicine in our town."

The child of an unwed mother who suffered from consumption, Georgia Arbuckle was born in Princeton, Missouri, in 1852. By the age of sixteen she was the town's schoolteacher. Plain features did not detract from an impressive presence that radiated from her graceful stride and unwavering dark brown eyes. People whispered of "Indian blood" because of her high cheekbones and straight black hair.

Georgia was introduced to the mysteries of medicine by Princeton's doctor, who encouraged her to take the bold step of entering the Nebraska School of Medicine in Omaha in 1880. According to popular sentiment, no woman of true delicacy would want this profession. Male medical students at Harvard in 1850 had vigorously objected "to having the company of any woman forced



COURTESY OF MRS. ESPER CLARY

upon us, who is disposed to unsex herself and to sacrifice her modesty by appearing with men in the medical lecture room."

Despite obstacles of this kind, Georgia Arbuckle realized her professional goals. She was graduated from medical school in 1883, became vice president of the Douglas County Medical Society in 1884, and then left city life in 1886 for a homestead and frontier practice in the North Platte Valley.

Western Nebraska was no paradise. Winter brought weeks of killing cold; summer, the threat of fire on the range. To protect her soddie, Dr. Arbuckle plowed fireguards on her land and burned the grass between these furrows. In this lonely region of red bluffs and sandy hills, the doctor's reputation grew. She soothed fevers, set bones, delivered babies, and extracted bullets—often performing the equally difficult service of comforting the bereaved and burying the dead.

Elizabeth Burton remembers the doctor's arrival at the home of a sick baby after an exhausting thirty-mile ride. "I can see her yet, raising up and groping back to consciousness when the team stopped. During the drive her hair had fallen down. She sat up and mechanically began pinning it back in place. Then she descended from the buggy, brushed her clothes and was ready for work. She was all business and energy and everyone stepped about lively doing just what she told them."

This hard-working pioneer preferred to lead rather than to follow. Her marriage to store clerk Nathaniel Gwynn Fix faltered after four years. Unwilling to give up medicine as her husband wished, she moved by herself to Gering, Nebraska, in 1892. Occasionally her husband would drive out to visit her, but they never reconciled; they were divorced in 1909.

Not everyone in town accepted the unconventional Dr. Fix, but she was too busy to worry about gossip. "You can't sew buttons on your neighbor's mouth," she said. Dressed for winter calls in a long black cowhide coat, Gering's lady doctor kept pace with an unrelenting job.

Typhoid patients often required around-the-clock care. When Frances Ganser developed a serious case, Dr. Fix made eighteen emergency visits to the girl's bedside. To reduce the fever, she gave Frances a brew from sage she had picked herself. Then she wrapped the sweating patient in wet sheets that had been wrung out in milk. Eventually the crisis passed. Leaving the Ganser

home, Dr. Fix brushed aside the mother's thanks. "Don't thank me. It wasn't I alone. It was your prayers and mine to a compassionate God who heard and saved her."

Once smallpox broke out in Gering, endangering the little town of about one hundred residents. Dr. Fix quickly persuaded everyone to be vaccinated.

Sometimes the doctor called for another pair of hands. Although Walt Lawyer was just a boy, he was put to work helping Dr. Fix when his father suffered a riding accident. Owner of Gering's livery stable, Sam Lawyer was brought in from the range with a leg so badly broken that a sliver of bone stuck out through his boot top. Adding to the pain were cactus spines lodged in the flesh of his back and arms.

Dr. Fix handed the frightened boy a pair of tweezers and showed him how to remove the spines. Then she concentrated on setting the bone. The only anesthetic for this operation was a rag doused in chloroform. Looking back at this experience years later, Walt Lawyer said, "It would have taken a braver boy than I was to have walked out of there. Dr. Fix never quit anything in her life, and she wasn't about to let me quit on her."

Familiarity with the grim side of life never spoiled the doctor's pleasure in friendship and the simple amusements of frontier society. Musicals and talent shows were held at her home, delighting the convalescing patients and "adopted" students who lived with her. She had a particular tenderness for children and animals. Her thirty-three pet canaries had a room to themselves where they flew at liberty.

The doctor was a prudent businesswoman. Many of her clients gave her calves in payment—eventually she accumulated a large, profitable herd. She invested her money in real estate. As she grew older, asthma made her work more difficult. Eventually she moved to California, where her friends encouraged her to rest and relax for the first time in her life.

Georgia Arbuckle Fix died in 1918 at the age of sixty-six. Her life had made a great difference to pioneer Nebraskans in the North Platte Valley. A skillful physician where doctors were scarce, she was also a steadfast companion in suffering and death. As a former typhoid patient said, "Georgia Fix was a wonderful woman who had passed through the fire."★

Nancy Bell Rollings lives in Tucson, Arizona, where she writes about the lives of little-known western women.

Fort Clatsop: Young America's Pacific Outpost

"This place of Encampment"

by Stephen E. Henrikson



O! how horriable is the day," Captain William Clark wrote in his journal in the pouring rain, as he and a group of weary travelers camped near the stormy mouth of the Columbia River. "Waves brakeing with great violence against the shore throwing the Water into our Camp &c. all wet and confind to our Shelters." The overland expedition sent out by President Thomas Jefferson in 1804 had just completed an eighteen-month, four-thousand-mile trek across western North America. Now it was November 1805, and the

"Corps of Discovery" was preparing to spend one last winter in the wilderness before turning back toward St. Louis.

The tempest the explorers were experiencing was a foretaste of miseries to come. Indeed, the weather and its effects would become a pervasive topic in Clark's journal. During the four and one-half months the expedition would spend exploring the coast and wintering over at their nearby camp—Fort Clatsop—only twelve days would be free of the chilling Pacific Northwest rains.

The Lewis and Clark Expedition of 1804–06 ranks as a milestone in American history, and it has captured the interest and imagination of Amer-

At young America's farthest-west outpost, members of the Lewis and Clark Expedition cautiously welcome local Clatsop Indians. Completed near the mouth of the Columbia River (in present-day Oregon) in December 1805, Fort Clatsop provided shelter for the Corps of Discovery during its last winter in the wilderness.





icans for generations. The goals of the expedition were ambitious: to reach the Pacific Ocean by way of the Missouri and Columbia rivers and to map the route in precise detail; to study the flora, fauna, and native inhabitants of the still-mysterious West; and to establish friendly relations with the Indians.

One year after its May 1804 departure from St. Louis, the expedition had succeeded in crossing the Rocky Mountains and was beginning its final push down to the Pacific. The party consisted of thirty-three people with widely-varying backgrounds. Army officers Meriwether Lewis and

William Clark were co-leaders of the expedition, with Sergeants Patrick Gass, John Ordway, and Nathaniel Pryor under their immediate command. Each sergeant led a squad of seven or eight privates. Civilians George Drouillard and Toussaint Charbonneau were employed as interpreters, and Captain Clark brought along his black slave York. Accompanying Charbonneau was his Shoshone Indian wife Sacagawea and their infant son Jean Baptiste, born at Fort Mandan the previous winter. Lewis's dog Scannon completed the party. After months of dangerous travel, the group had become a

tightly-woven, disciplined team of extraordinary ability.

In mid-October the explorers reached the upper waters of the Columbia, and on November 7, having paddled downstream in crude dug-out canoes, they entered the river's broad estuary. "Ocan in view! O! the joy," recorded Clark. Here the party also encountered some of the worst weather of the entire journey. Constant rainfall made the men "as wet as water could make them," tents and clothing began to mildew and rot, and the men were often unable to light fires. High winter tides flooded their camp on the north bank of the



Columbia, and huge driftwood logs cast up by the waves threatened to smash the canoes. Local Chinook Indians supplied the explorers with edible roots and fish, but tended to be "thievish"; constant vigil had to be kept over precious tools and equipment to prevent their disappearance.

On excursions during November 17–20, the explorers hiked the last few miles to the river's mouth and the goal of their long journey. The men were, according to Clark, "much Satisfied with their trip beholding with astonishment the high waves dashing against the rocks & this emence Ocean."

Then, with winter weather setting in, the search for a site for winter quarters began in earnest. The north side of the river—in present-day Washington State—yielded little game and was judged unsuitable for their needs, so the explorers crossed several miles to the south side, to what is now Oregon. Lewis led a detachment of men to explore the surrounding hills, while Clark and the rest of the party set up a temporary camp. After a week passed with no word from the survey party, Clark recorded that Lewis's long absence "had been the cause of no little uneasiness on my part for him," and

The winter layover at Fort Clatsop proved almost as demanding for Lewis and Clark and their party as the long overland journey to the Pacific had been. Here, a John Clymer painting depicts activities about fifteen miles down the coast, where a detachment was kept busy boiling seawater to replenish the expedition's supply of salt.

that "a 1000 conjectures has crouded into my mind respecting his probable situation & safty." To the relief of all, Lewis returned the next day with the elating news that a good site had been found.



"This is certainly the most eligible Situation for our purposes of any in its neighborhood," observed Clark upon his arrival at the new site. Lewis had chosen high ground about three miles from the ocean and an equal distance from the Columbia, up a small tributary called the "Ne tul" by the local Clatsop Indians. The site provided a degree of shelter from the fierce winter gales, and it was well above the high-tide mark. The thick growth of timber that covered the area would supply ample building materials and firewood. The Clatsops proved friendly and anxious to trade, and the numerous local elk and

deer were a source of meat and hides. By December 9, construction of the winter quarters was underway.

The men began at once to clear underbrush and cut timber at the site, while scouts were sent out to explore the area. Hunters plied the hills in search of game. The builders began work on a smokehouse for meat, and the log walls of the fort took shape.

Meanwhile the weather turned progressively worse. On December 16, Clark penned a terse weather report: "The winds violent Trees falling in every direction, whorl winds, with gusts of rain Hail & Thunder . . .

Certainly one of the worst days that ever was!" The poor weather depressed the spirits of the party, and illness and injuries from the cold and dangerous work began to interrupt the rigorous pace of construction.

When they had finished the smokehouse and fort walls, the men turned their attention to the roofs and floors. Using wooden wedges, they split long shingles and floor planks from cedar or spruce logs. Finally they daubed mud in the cracks, installed doors and windows, and began work on crude furniture for the rooms.

Only fifty feet square, Fort Clatsop consisted of two parallel rows of



cabins separated by a small parade ground. One row of "huts" served as quarters for the enlisted men, with one room assigned to each of the three squads. The opposite row was divided into four rooms: the captains' quarters, a guardroom, a meat storage room, and a small room for the Charbonneau family. Each end of the parade ground was closed off by a log palisade, and each end contained a gate. The main gate handled most of the traffic, while the smaller "water gate" was used by men who were fetching water from nearby springs. The fort was simple and cramped, but it would provide the

explorers with shelter and security for the next several months.

After nearly three weeks of backbreaking toil, the expedition settled into Fort Clatsop just before Christmas. Clark described the holiday festivities:

"at day light this morning we [were] awoke by the discharge of the fire arm[s] of all our party & a Salute, Shouts and a Song which the whole party joined in under our windows. . . . we would have Spent this day the nativity of Christ in feasting, had we anything to either raise our Spirits or even gratify our appetites, our Diner consisted of pore

Abandoned to the elements, the original Fort Clatsop disappeared without a trace more than a century ago. But a faithful replica stands on the same site today as a national memorial. Here, National Park Service rangers recreate typical activities of the Lewis and Clark Expedition: tanning hides for moccasins and clothing, splitting shakes with a froe, carving furniture, and rendering fat for tallow candles.

Elk, so much Spoiled that we eate it thro' mear necessity, Some Spoiled pounded fish and a fiew roots."



Time and seasons roll back to the winter of 1805-06 for some 150,000 visitors a year at Fort Clatsop National Memorial. At left, ranger Paul Northrop, wearing a conical rain hat of the type once woven by local Indians, takes his turn as sentry at the tiny fort's main gate. Above, another ranger in the living history program nurses a flint-and-steel fire into life.

In honor of the holiday, the officers passed out handkerchiefs and half of the remaining supply of tobacco. Spirits were high, and the explorers celebrated as best they could with such meager rations.

Survival proved to be a full-time occupation at Fort Clatsop. Hunting parties went out nearly every day, and during the winter of 1805-06 they shot at least 131 elk and 20 deer. The hunters had difficulty keeping the incessant rain from ruining the gunpowder in their flintlock rifles. And when they managed to locate and shoot an elk, the carcass generally had to be transported all the way back to the fort—a distance of up to eleven miles—through heavy underbrush and swamps. By the time the meat actually reached the table, it was often spoiled.

The expedition's supply of salt had become depleted, and replenishment of this vital commodity received high

priority. Several men were assigned to set up a "salt works" by the ocean. Boiling sea water in kettles, they eventually produced over three bushels of salt, which proved to be "excellent, fine, strong & white . . . a great treat."

To supplement their diet of game, the explorers bartered with the Clatsop Indians for food. Wappato roots, purchased by the bushel, made "a tolerable substitute for bread." The expedition's dwindling supply of trading goods was also used to obtain thistle roots, cakes of dried salal berries, dried salmon, fresh sturgeon, and eulachon. Clark found the eulachon, or candlefish, "superior to any fish I ever tasted." When elk and deer meat was not available, dog meat sufficed.

In January 1806 the explorers learned from the Indians that a "very large fish" had washed up on the beach. Captain Clark led a small party twenty miles down the coast, where Tillamook Indians were butch-

ering the body of a whale. Clark was able to obtain about three hundred pounds of blubber from the Indians, to be used as food. Thankful for his acquisition, he reflected:

"Small as this stock is I prize it highly; and thank providence for directing the whale to us; and think him much more kind to us than he was to jonah, having Sent this Monster to be *Swallowed by us* in Sted of *Swallowing of us* as jonah's did."

Chores kept the men busy from dawn to dusk. Each room in the fort contained a fireplace, so a great deal of time had to be spent chopping firewood. Sentries were posted around the clock, and the only men who were exempt from guard duty were those assigned to serve as cooks. To replace ruined leather clothing, the men spent hundreds of hours tanning new hides and sewing them into shirts, pants, and moccasins. Private John Shields, a talented blacksmith,

Working to the light of flickering candles, a ranger duplicates a chore that consumed many of the captains' winter hours: writing in their journals and compiling a detailed record of the plants, animals, and Indians of the Northwest. The officers also drew maps and sketched some of the natural life they encountered. A salmon trout (right) was one of Clark's best drawings.



ANDREW E. DIER



NATIONAL PARK SERVICE

was kept busy repairing broken tools and weapons.

While the fort provided shelter from the rain that fell almost every day, it was far from comfortable. Smoke from damp firewood overwhelmed the crude chimneys and filled the rooms. Insects were also a big problem. Clark reported "Musketors troublesom," and of the hordes of fleas he noted that "they torment us in such a manner as to deprive us of half the nights Sleep frequently." The constant dampness of the air made the temperature seem that much colder. Nearly every member of the party was touched by illness during the winter, and the inclement weather and poor food delayed recovery.

With all of the work that needed to be done, the explorers had little time left for relaxation. They probably sang, danced, and played checkers and cards. The fiddle music of Pierre Cruzatte and George Gibson⁸

supplemented by the tamborine and jaw harps, perhaps made the long winter seem a bit more pleasant.

The two captains spent the long winter toiling over their maps and journals. As skilled naturalists, they devoted many pages in their journals to the natural history of the Lower Columbia region. They described over three dozen local trees and plants in detail, including the Sitka spruce, "a species which grows to immense size"; the bearberry, "which we make use of to mix with our tobacco to Smoke"; and the crabapple, the wood of which was "usefull to us for ax handles as well as glutts or wedges." They noted nearly one hundred animals, providing information about their anatomy, size, habits, and range. Diligent diarists, the two officers and several enlisted men who kept journals would scribe more than a million words during the course of the expedition.

Descriptions of coastal Indians made by Lewis and Clark add up to the best early account in existence. Their journals contain details of the local Indians' population, language, customs (including their practice of pressing infants' heads to produce characteristically flattened foreheads), artwork, foods, clothing, and shelter. Captain Clark was also the cartographer for the expedition; he spent hours working on maps of the local area, measuring distances, and plotting the course of the return trip. In spite of poor working conditions and simple navigational devices, Clark's maps were very accurate. In short, little of importance missed the attention of these talented journalists.

By early spring the explorers were growing anxious to begin their long journey home. "We are counting the days . . . which bind us to fort Clatsop," wrote Captain Lewis. The elk herds had begun to migrate into the hills, leaving the expedition without



A modern-day Jean Baptiste Charbonneau (left) surveys Fort Clatsop from the back of a modern Sacagawea. Flintlock muskets and rifles (above) downed more than one hundred and fifty elk and deer for expedition hunters; today their flash, smoke, and resounding boom are among the most popular attractions for visitors to the fort.

a reliable source of food. In mid-March 1806 the party began making final preparations for their departure. They repaired the dugout canoes, and obtained two new ones from the Indians. Lewis traded his fancy officer's jacket for one, but the other canoe was simply taken "in lue of the six Elk which they stole from us in the winter." The men were now well-equipped with new elkskin clothing, and they had leather sacks to protect the precious maps, journals, and scientific instruments from the rigors of travel.

On March 23, 1806, Captain Lewis wrote:

"At 1 P.M. left Fort Clatsop on our homeward bound journey. at this place we had wintered and remained from the 7th of Dec. 1805 to this day and have lived as well as we had any right to expect, and we can say we were never one day without 3 meals of some kind a day either pore Elk meat or roots, notwithstanding the

repeated fall of rain which has fallen almost constantly. . . ."

With few regrets and much to be thankful for, the explorers took their leave of the Pacific Coast and headed east. Exactly six months later, on September 23, 1806, they arrived back at St. Louis to the cheers of surprised and enthusiastic townsfolk.

The expedition had accomplished much. The travelers had successfully crossed thousands of miles of previously unexplored territory, and with the loss of only one life (due to sickness on the outward journey). They had discovered and identified scores of important western plants and animals. Clark's maps were excellent, and would later guide fur traders and settlers in their westward course. The explorers had learned a great deal about the western Indians, and had established diplomatic relations with many Indian nations on behalf of the United States. America's claim to the Pacific Northwest—still a "no man's

land" to most—had been strengthened. Above all, the expedition had succeeded in defining a large segment of western North America—a wilderness that until then had been shrouded in mystery and speculation.

Soon after the Lewis and Clark Expedition returned east, Fort Clatsop, left to the elements, began to rot and fall apart. Gabriel Franchere, a fur trader who visited the fort just five years after it had been abandoned, wrote that it had collapsed into ruins, and that the remains "were but piles of rough, unhewn logs, overgrown with parasite creepers." In 1850, pioneer Carlos W. Shane established a homestead on the site and built a house within a few feet of the fort. By this time, only a few rotting logs remained.

Memories of the historic structure gradually faded, and its location might have been lost forever had it not been for the efforts of local

A hunting party, below, navigates the "Ne tul" (now Lewis and Clark) River that meanders past Fort Clatsop, in a dugout canoe laboriously carved and burned from a single tree trunk over a period of several summers. At right, 1805 and 1985 meet eye-to-eye during one of the living history program's question-and-answer sessions.



DAN DATILO



NATIONAL PARK SERVICE

residents and historical societies to mark and preserve the spot. In 1901 the Oregon Historical Society purchased a three-acre tract encompassing the site; by then no visible traces of the encampment remained. For decades thereafter, various groups made attempts to gain national recognition for Fort Clatsop and to develop a memorial there.

In 1955 these efforts finally began to pay off. Interest in Lewis and Clark was reaching a peak with the sesquicentennial observances of the expedition, and a dozen organizations and businesses combined their efforts to build a replica of Fort Clatsop on the reputed site of the original. A rough floor plan drawn by Captain Clark on the inside cover of his field book served as the principal guide for building the replica. [Subsequent archaeological surveys failed to locate any signs of the 1805-06 fort, but historians are convinced that the replica was built very close to the

actual site.] Then, in 1958, Congress established Fort Clatsop National Memorial as part of the National Park System.

The natural setting for the fort has undergone many changes since the early nineteenth century. By 1950, the site had been logged over at least twice, and the land plowed for farming, and houses and industries had grown up all around. Nothing was left of the virgin forest described by the explorers. During the 1960s the National Park Service began reforestation of the plowed areas, and moved a road and parking lot. The planting of trees and native plants has continued up to the present time, and gradually the park is being restored to its original state. But it will be at least two hundred years before the forest will again approximate what was seen by Lewis and Clark.

Today, located six miles west of the picturesque port city of Astoria, Oregon, Fort Clatsop hosts nearly

150,000 visitors annually. The park visitor center houses a museum and small theater that tell the story of the entire twenty-eight-month Lewis and Clark Expedition. Featured among the artifacts on display are a knife and a hatchet actually carried by members of the party. A forest path winds from the visitor center to the replica of Fort Clatsop, while other trails lead to the spring that provided the explorers with fresh water, and the landing where they beached their canoes. Fifteen miles south of the fort, at Seaside, the expedition's salt works have been restored as part of the memorial.

As visitors walk down the path leading from the visitor center, they leave the twentieth century behind. When they reach the fort, seasonal rangers [present from mid-June through Labor Day] are on hand to welcome them to "1805." Authentically dressed in period elkskin cloth-

ing, their main job is to bring to life the experiences of the expedition members during that long-ago winter. The "costumed interpreters" are involved in a wide variety of demonstrations using reproductions of the explorers' tools and weapons, and their exchange of information with visitors is often one-on-one. To avoid a sterile, museum-like environment, a hands-on policy is in effect at the fort. Carefully crafted replicas of expedition clothing and equipment are arranged throughout the fort, and visitors are free to try on a coonskin cap, stretch out on a hard, fur-covered bunk, or strike sparks with a flint-and-steel set.

"These living history programs invite our visitors to immerse themselves in history," explains Chief Ranger Curt Johnson. "While we cannot duplicate history, we try to set a mood where our visitors will reflect about this magnificent odyssey."

The seasonal rangers who comprise this modern-day "Corps of Discovery" face a difficult challenge, and they experience some of the same problems and frustrations felt by the explorers in 1805. Hundreds of hours of work and research can go into the development of just one program or demonstration. The rangers' basic sources are the journals kept by the explorers themselves. But as enlightening as these accounts are, many minute details about life at Fort Clatsop were left out. The explorers were much more concerned about survival than they were with describing their silverware or how they made their furniture.

On January 23, 1806, Captain Lewis recorded that "the men of the garrison are still busily employed in dressing Elk's skins for cloathing, [and] they find great difficulty for the want of branes." Park rangers demonstrate the tanning of elk and deer skins for visitors today. To learn the "laborious business" of brain tanning—an Indian method of dressing hides that requires the use of animal brains to make the hides soft—the rangers have to go beyond the explorers' journals and consult specialized references on tanning hides.

As for clothing, Clark noted that the men had made shirts, overalls, and coats of elk skin, and Sergeant Gass reported that they had sewn

Visiting Fort Clatsop

Fort Clatsop National Memorial, operated by the National Park Service, is located in northwest Oregon, about six miles west of Astoria and just off U.S. Highway 101. The park is open every day except Christmas. Admission is free. The park's Living History Program operates from June 15 through Labor Day (hours from 8 to 6; during the rest of the year, park hours are 8 to 5).

The park includes a visitor center featuring expedition-related exhibits and audio-visual programs. The replica of Fort Clatsop is within walking distance of the visitor center, and other trails lead to the canoe landing and freshwater spring. The Fort Clatsop Historical Association, a nonprofit group that supports park operations, operates a sales counter and book shop in the visitor center. A mail order sales list of books is available on request. For further information, contact Fort Clatsop National Memorial, Route 3, Box 604-FC, Astoria, OR 97103 (503-861-2471).

While in the area, you will also want to visit the Lewis and Clark Interpretive Center on the opposite side of the Columbia River, about fifteen miles north, near Ilwaco, Washington. Administered by the Washington State Parks, the center overlooks the site where Lewis and Clark first saw the Pacific, and it features a number of fine exhibits on the expedition.

pairs of "mockersons" during the winter. To reconstruct such clothing, the rangers must carefully research styles and patterns that would have been common in 1805. By necessity, the living history program is based on a combination of fact and careful speculation.

One of the most popular and exciting demonstrations at the fort is the operation of flintlock rifles and muskets like those carried by the explorers. The resounding boom and bright flash from the flintlocks—always met with much enthusiasm from visitors—is preceded by a detailed explanation of how the guns worked and how they were used. During the rainy winter of 1805, expedi-

tion hunters often experienced misfires from their flintlocks due to the accumulation of moisture in the firearms. It is not unusual for the rangers to have the same problem today during their demonstrations. After a few misfires, visitors begin to understand the frustrations as well as the skills involved in using these early firearms.

The explorers' journals indicate that the party did a considerable amount of woodworking during its tour of the West. In addition to building Fort Clatsop and constructing bunks, desks, tables, and chairs for use there, the travelers hollowed out canoes from giant logs several times during their journey. The tools used by the explorers were listed in an in-

For Lewis and Clark Enthusiasts

Readers with a special interest in the Lewis and Clark Expedition may enjoy participating in the activities of the Lewis and Clark Trail Heritage Foundation, a national organization founded in 1969. Comprised of over eight hundred enthusiasts from a wide range of backgrounds, the nonprofit group is dedicated to stimulating interest in all matters relating to the Lewis and Clark Expedition and to America's heritage resulting from it. Members receive the informative quarterly *We Proceeded On*, featuring articles and little-known facts about the expedition and its members, news of present-day activities along the Lewis and Clark Trail, and editorials by recognized scholars. The group also meets annually in one of the eleven states associated with the Lewis and Clark Trail. The 1986 meeting will be held in the Portland, Oregon, area, and will include visits to historic sites relating to the expedition (probably including Fort Clatsop). Several classes of membership are available, including General (annual dues \$10) and Student (\$5). Write: Ruth E. Lange, Membership Secretary, Lewis and Clark Trail Heritage Foundation, Inc., 5054 S.W. 26th Place, Portland, OR 97201.

ventory before the expedition left St. Louis. Using duplicates of the tools listed, the rangers try their hand at many of these woodworking projects.

Building a dugout canoe is probably the most ambitious of these undertakings. Starting with a thirty-foot log, the rangers shape the exterior with axes and adzes, and hollow out the inside mainly by burning. They have discovered that extreme care must be taken to prevent the fire from getting out of control and burning up the entire canoe. During the past ten years, the park staff has managed to complete two canoes. The production record of the explorers was much better: they were able to finish five canoes in just ten days!

Making candles from rendered animal fat was another activity mentioned by the explorers. On January 13, 1806, Captain Lewis recorded that "this evening we exhausted the last of our candles, but fortunately had taken the precaution to bring with us moulds and wick, by means of which and some Elk's tallow in our possession we do not yet consider ourselves destitute of this necessary article."

Using large copper kettles, rangers boil chunks of animal fat in water for hours to "render" it into tallow. This purified form of animal fat is then poured into tin candle molds. Such candles were probably used sparingly by the explorers, as the elk that they shot were very lean and did not provide much tallow. Today, visitors are invited to help with this task, and often learn the entire process so that they can try candle making at home.

While many demonstrations deal with the everyday lives of the company, rangers also point out some of the important scientific contributions made by the two captains. "Discovery walks" lead visitors into the forest to learn about the flora and fauna that were described in the journals. Many plants seen in 1805 can be found growing in the park today, and elk, deer, muskrats, and eagles are occasionally "discovered" near the fort. Captain Lewis was an avid collector of plant specimens, and rangers show how he used a plant press to preserve his samples. Visitors can also examine reproductions of Clark's mapwork in the captains' quarters, along with quill pens like those he

used for drawing and writing.

The living history presentations at Fort Clatsop require rangers to spend many hours learning all that they can about myriad aspects of the Lewis and Clark Expedition. While they have to be prepared to give programs that are exciting, informative, and accurate, and to field many thoughtful questions, their major goal is to create a "sense of history" in the minds of visitors—to get them emotionally involved in this epic expedition. It can be argued that in the modern-day rush to become future-oriented, many people have become detached from their heritage. Fort Clatsop is a place where the past is made to be as real as the present.

Guests at the fort can smell freshly-smoked elk meat, the burning gunpowder from a flintlock, and fresh-cut alder firewood. They can hear the chop of a broadaxe shaping a dugout, and the hissing of wet wood on a cooking fire. They can feel the softness of an otter pelt, the smoothness of an adzed plank, and the clamminess of a damp elkskin coat next to the skin.

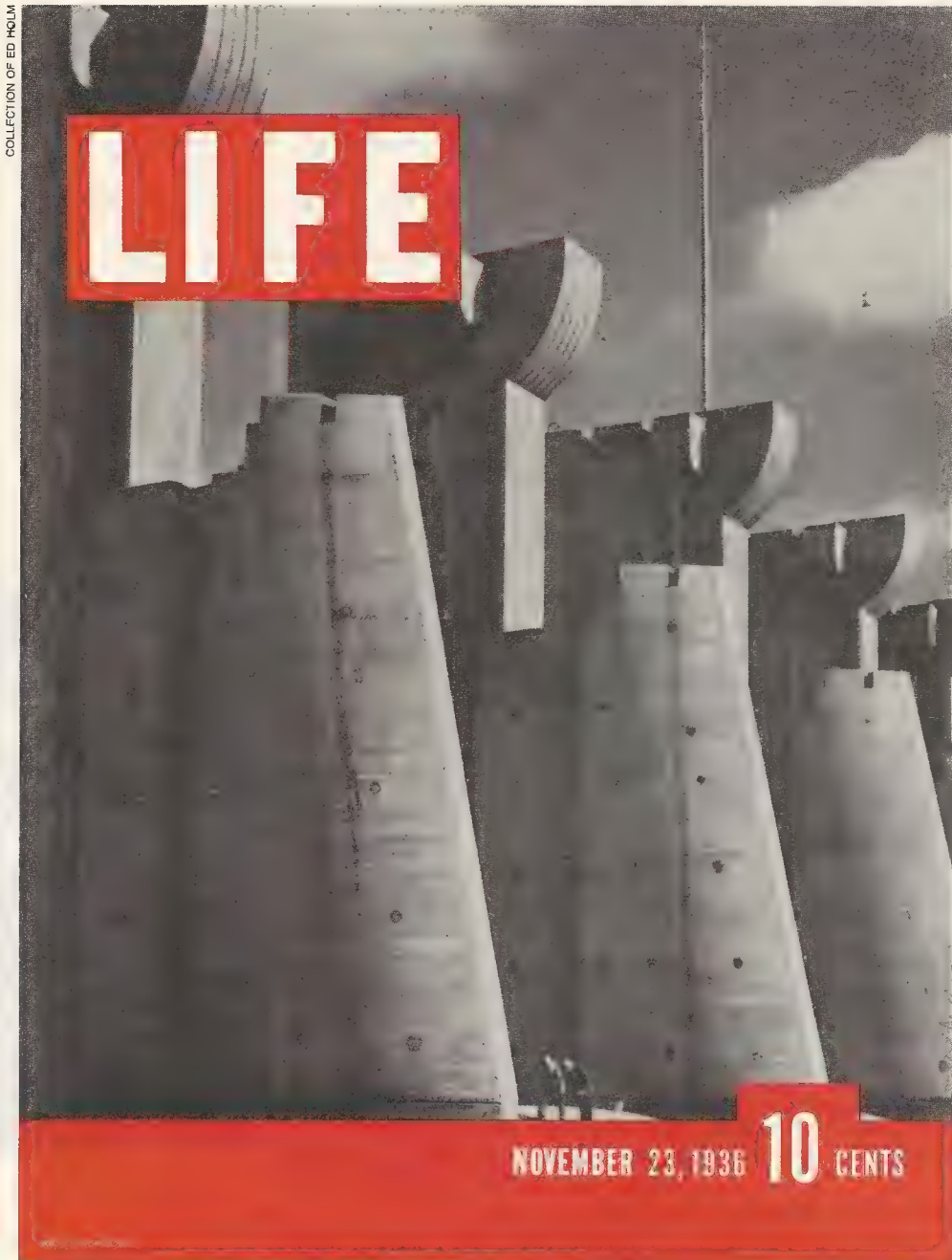
Departing visitors may have participated in an ad-lib fiddle and tamborine jam session, or huddled by a fire to take away the chill of the damp coastal air. They may have experienced the sense of accomplishment of completing a new batch of tallow candles, or have witnessed the failure of a flint-and-steel fire that would not start. They will have heard stories of the miserable wet weather, the mysterious Indians, and the day-to-day struggle for survival experienced by the explorers.

Through their visit, guests learn that while the accomplishments of the explorers seem almost superhuman, these were, in the main, common people meeting the challenge of very uncommon circumstances. The visitors of today are able to share some of the same joys and frustrations as the Corps of Discovery, and to become very close to this incredible story out of the pages of American history. ★

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ANDREW E. CIER





Birth of a Great Magazine

During the 1930s *Life* pioneered a new form of journalism and became one of the most successful magazines in history. Here is an insider's version of how it came to be.

by Roy Hoopes

The year was 1935, the setting was Havana, Cuba, and an unlikely event about to take place on that Caribbean island was the birth of *Life*, one of the great American magazines of the twentieth century. Henry Luce, the already-legendary president of Time, Inc. (publisher of the innovative news weekly *Time* and business monthly *Fortune*), was on his honeymoon there, having just divorced his wife and married the glamorous Clare Brokaw, an editor at *Vanity Fair*. Publishing was not foremost on his mind, but back in New York at least one of his executives was obsessed with the idea of a new magazine.

It was, in fact, a difficult period for Luce's company. His highly-publicized divorce had caused unrest and turmoil in the ranks, and he had withdrawn and left day-to-day operations in the capable hands of Ralph Ingersoll, the thirty-four-year-old general manager of Time, Inc. Ingersoll had been with the company since 1930, after five years of helping Harold Ross at *The New Yorker* hold his temperamental staff together and get that magazine out every week. In 1935 Luce had elevated the hard-charging, sometimes abrasive editor to general manager, as a reward for having made the one-dollar-a-copy *Fortune* a publishing success in the middle of the Great Depression.

Ingersoll would soon tire of anonymous journalism and go on to become something of a legend himself as founder and editor of the controversial New York tabloid *PM*. But in 1935, he was about to pull off his greatest achievement as an anonymous journalist. This story—the story of the creation of *Life* magazine—has never been accurately told. And the primary reason Ingersoll's role has been lost in the telling is quite simple: In later years, Henry Luce would come to hate Ralph Ingersoll, and after *Life* made history, and the inevitable accounts of its origins and who-did-what began to emerge, Ingersoll's contributions began to disappear. But his important part in the birth of *Life* makes a fascinating tale.

In the days immediately after Ingersoll's appointment as general manager, Time, Inc., was running smoothly, and there were times when he did not have much more to do than “sit back and admire Harry's judgment in picking men.” He also had the leisure to develop his specialty, which was writing long memoranda. One, in particular, revealed what was on his mind—photographs. The memorandum, which Luce had requested, was on *Fortune's* art, and it concluded with a summary of the magazine's pioneering work in candid and color photography with the argument that Time, Inc., magazines had a real opportunity to develop photojournalism.

Ingersoll also had the freedom for the first time in his journalism career to do some abstract thinking. And his line of thought was triggered by the hints already begin-

ning to float through the trade that *The Literary Digest*, which had dominated public affairs magazines in the 1920s, was in trouble, primarily because of the success of *Time*.

The *Digest's* formula was to run excerpts and quotes from people and other publications about things happening in the news; *Time's* formula, in contrast, was to repack the news—a brilliant, original idea, Ingersoll agreed, but was it the *ultimate* formula? Could not another idea come along to make *Time* obsolete, as *Time* had made the *Digest* obsolete?

Obviously the answer was yes. But what would the new formula be? Whatever it was, Ingersoll thought it was his responsibility, as general manager and perhaps the only top executive in the company with the leisure to think about the future, to make sure Time, Inc., would be the publisher to introduce it. It did not take much pacing back and forth to come up with the answer; it was right under his nose. The next idea to challenge *Time* would be a picture magazine.

It was, of course, not exactly an original idea. One of Ingersoll's *Fortune* staffers, Dwight MacDonald, had been part of a team created by Luce in 1933 to look into the potential for a picture magazine. This “Experimental Department,” as it was called, produced several dummies [handmade sample issues], the third of which, although it left most Time, Inc., executives cold, had excited Ingersoll. “I am sold now,” he wrote Luce—not on a magazine designed for a sophisticated audience (like *Time*), or a specialized audience (like *Fortune*), but for a mass audience, the “gum chewers,” as he called them. After analyzing the dummy and criticizing parts he felt were “going smack-bang over a great many heads,” Ingersoll concluded: “I feel strongly that you have a magazine now. If a dummy as good as this can be produced three fortnights in succession, buy TIME stock.”

Luce, however, was still not persuaded. After a little less than a year the project was abandoned, because he decided that “the thinking and creative imagination had run into a dead-end.” “I was very dissatisfied with the whole procedure,” Luce said later. “We just got off on the wrong track.” As for photography, he felt that company should put its creative efforts into transferring the dramatic radio news program “The March of Time” to film.

But the idea of a picture magazine would not go away. “You would go to ‘21’ and places like that,” said Luce, “and people would buttonhole you and tell you what a natural it was.” And Time, Inc., was not the only publisher exploring the idea. In 1934, Ingersoll learned, H.E. North, the public relations director for A&P, had proposed that his company publish a picture magazine. As early as 1931, Clare Brokaw at *Vanity Fair* had suggested that Conde Nast Publications buy the failing humor magazine *Life* and remake it along the lines of the Parisian *Vu*. “It would be a weekly and would con-

**Time's formula was to repackage the news—
a brilliant, original idea. But was it the ultimate formula?**



Sensing that “no publication has adapted itself to the time which busy men are able to spend on simply keeping informed,” Henry Luce and Briton Hadden created Time in 1923. By 1936 circulation exceeded half a million.

tain some of the editorial elements of *Time*, *Fortune*, and even *Vanity Fair*, plus its own special angle . . . reporting . . . the most interesting and exciting news, in photographs and interpreting it editorially through accompanying articles.”

Brokaw had also discussed the magazine with Luce in their courtship days, and after first resisting the idea, he began to hint that if she married him he might start a picture magazine and make her editor. It is not exactly clear when Luce finally became enthusiastic about a picture magazine, but by the time he went on his honeymoon in late November 1935, he had at least been persuaded by Clare that the idea should be reconsidered.

The discovery that the idea for a picture magazine was in the air everywhere did not discourage Ingersoll; in fact, just the opposite was true. The more he learned about how close other publishers were to creating a picture magazine, the more he became determined to “make it happen” (his favorite phrase) at Time, Inc.

And after a long look at the record, it seems clear that Ralph Ingersoll was actually the one primarily responsible for bringing *Life* magazine into existence—not for the original idea or for the finished product that was eventually published on November 19, 1936, but as the catalytic force that kept pushing everyone in the company to publish what Ingersoll eventually came to consider “my magazine.”

But this is *not* the official version of how *Life* came into being. The conventional story has been told in varying detail in a number of sources, including the book *Time, Inc.*, an official history commissioned by Henry

Luce and written by company staffer Robert Elson; a long article by *Life* staffer Loudon Wainwright in the May 1978 *Atlantic* magazine; Clare Luce’s version, given to a number of interviewers and biographers; and *Luce and His Empire*, the biography by W.A. Swanberg. All provide versions of *Life*’s creation that either play down or eliminate Ingersoll’s role in its evolution—a curious omission, since Ingersoll, during the time the new magazine was beginning to emerge, was virtually running the company.

Considering the hostility that Clare Luce and her husband eventually developed for Ingersoll, one can safely discount both her version and the official history as being “partisan” against him. One ex-company employee recalled that before Luce died, he was talking with him at a small social gathering of the *Time* bureau in Canada. Knowing that Ralph Ingersoll had once worked for the company, he mentioned to Luce that he had just heard from Ingersoll. Luce responded with an icy stare and said, “Never mention that name to me again”—and stalked to the other side of the room. Under the circumstances, it is easy to see how Ralph Ingersoll might have become the forgotten man at Time, Inc.

The account set forth here of Ingersoll’s role in the evolution of *Life* magazine is based primarily on his own story, but much of it has been confirmed by research in the Time, Inc., archives. What one must keep in mind is that Luce, even after he returned from his honeymoon and resumed command of his company, did *not* remove Ingersoll as his general manager. Ingersoll retained his authority over the entire organization and could give any

Luce had elevated Ingersoll to general manager of Time, Inc., as a reward for having made *Fortune* a publishing success.



Carrying a hefty one-dollar-a-copy price and introduced in February 1930—only three months after the Wall Street crash—Luce's business magazine *Fortune* bucked the odds to become a critical and financial success.

order he liked, subject only to a veto from Luce. "But the first six months after his return," Ingersoll later recalled, "Harry was not in a vetoing mood." Ingersoll was closer to Luce than any man in or outside the organization, and Luce had complete confidence in him. "So much so," said Ingersoll, "that I knew instinctively that if I never backed him into a corner for a decision which he might not be prepared to make, one day my picture magazine would be a reality."

In late 1935, when Ingersoll began seriously looking into the question of a picture magazine, there was only one other company executive or staffer who shared his enthusiasm. Dan Longwell had been manager of trade books at Doubleday Doran, where he had edited a number of picture books. Luce hired him in 1934 and later that year assigned him to *Time* with instructions "to introduce more pictures." Despite considerable resistance from *Time* editors, he managed to increase the number and quality of pictures the magazine carried.

Ingersoll, a pioneer and champion of photojournalism even while he was still at *Fortune*, was naturally drawn to Longwell, and after he became general manager they became good friends. Ingersoll encouraged Longwell in promoting the use of pictures, in *Time* specifically, and at Time, Inc., in general.

During the hours Ingersoll devoted to thinking about pictures, he had come to the conclusion that the camera was ready for the next revolution in journalism, and in fact already had been for several years. The remaining problems lay in paper and production. Good pictures

needed large pages printed on coated stock, which were expensive and difficult to produce.

He had convinced himself of the impact of size by enlarging photographs of the most gruesome Chinese beheading and sexiest nude he could find, and printing them on coated paper. As small, newspaper-size illustrations on rag paper, either could have been printed in *The New York Times* without causing too much comment; blown up and printed on coated stock "one made you vomit and the other gave you a real thrill."

By late 1935, Ingersoll had become convinced by the dozens of memos he was writing himself that "the picture is the world's most powerful journalistic medium. The amazing fact that it has not been organized and presented [has been] almost entirely due to the mechanical limitations."

Most of the mechanical problems, he felt, had now been solved (many by *Fortune*), and he believed the time had come to begin exploring and refining techniques for producing a large magazine with coated stock, devoted almost exclusively to photographs. He put some staffers quietly to work on solving the production problems, and began talking about the logistics of picture-gathering with Longwell. But for a project of this magnitude, he needed Luce's support. It would be expensive, and furthermore, most Time, Inc., executives were still opposed to the idea of the company publishing a picture magazine. But Ingersoll was one step ahead of them.

In December 1935, while the Luces were honeymooning in Cuba, Ingersoll had a number of things he had to discuss with the boss—particularly the promotions and

Ingersoll had become convinced that “the picture is the world’s most powerful journalistic medium.”

MARGARET BOURKE WHITE; RALPH INGERSOLL COLLECTION



An enthusiastic convert to photojournalism, Time, Inc., general manager Ralph Ingersoll persistently nudged Henry Luce and his company toward creation of a picture magazine during 1935-36.

raises traditionally awarded at the end of the year. So when he was summoned to Havana just before Christmas, he went primed to discuss the picture magazine. Once the review of the year and the raises and promotions were taken care of, Ingersoll brought up the subject that was now becoming almost an obsession. He told Luce about the exploratory moves he had made and, in his enthusiasm, estimated the magazine might have a circulation of one, three, or even five million in three years.

Luce, in Ingersoll’s words, was not buying it, but “he was giving it the old Harry try, beetle-browed and ear scratching, pacing around it. Harry was a word man and words had made his world; there wasn’t enough substance in pictures to hold an audience. I guess there might be five thousand newly-taken photographs a week to choose from. ‘Okay, Mac, so maybe if you just took the hundred best you’d have something worth looking through in a dentist’s office,’ Luce said, ‘but you can’t make them tell stories.’ But damn it, we’ve been doing just that on *Fortune*—for years, I argued.

“And Clare? She wasn’t having Harry’s argument,” Ingersoll recalled. “And she wasn’t quite sure she wanted to back me. But I do credit her with an assist that was vital. If the Empress’ thumb didn’t turn up, at least it stayed in her lap.”

Then came Luce’s final judgment, in a comment that remained etched in Ingersoll’s memory for more than forty years. “Okay, Mac, go ahead and see if you can work it out. You’re crazy about there being a million circulation in it; it’s a hundred and fifty thousand slick paper carriage trade idea. But Time, Inc.’s rich enough now to afford a *success d’estime*. It could be fun. Go ahead with it.”

So Ingersoll returned from Cuba, not with a green light for his picture magazine, but with what he considered a cautious amber, backed by Luce’s final remark: “Hell, Mac, we don’t really have to burn any bridges; we can always call it off if the figures don’t check out.”

But Luce had been sold enough to let his key executives know that Ingersoll was operating with his complete authority. And by the time Luce returned from Cuba in early February 1936, Ingersoll had already gone into action. First he began taking concrete steps to assure that Time, Inc., would have a continuing flow of photographs to support the new magazine. Using *Time*’s new interest in pictures as a decoy, he quietly went around town buying the right of first refusal to virtually all the photographs available from the picture agencies and news organizations.

In May 1936, partly to restore his health, Ingersoll went to his Connecticut farm for a rest—and for some memo writing. The result was a four-page, single-spaced memorandum titled “Notes on a Picture Magazine,” in which he pulled together all his earlier thoughts on the progress of magazine photography. In it Ingersoll predicted that “through the next decade the movement of pictures into journalism will be so rapid as possibly to revolutionize the journalistic machinery of the world.” Time, Inc., through a magazine he called PICTURES, would, he proclaimed, “play a leading—we hope *the* leading—part.”

Ingersoll still saw the picture magazine as not for the carriage trade but for a mass audience: “For the whole world . . . such pictures are for rich or poor, without regard for race, class, creed or prejudice . . . you use one vernacular to a truck driver, another to a bank presi-

**“Okay, Mac, go ahead and see if you can work it out . . .
It could be fun. Go ahead with it.”**



The improbable beginning of a publishing phenomenon: in Havana, Cuba, Ingersoll (left) watches honeymooner Luce give his cautious go-ahead for the projected picture magazine.

dent but bank president and truck driver will stand shoulder-to-shoulder to watch a parade . . . PICTURES subject being the world we live in . . . plutocrat and filling station attendant will alike pay to sit in its rubberneck wagon and ride around the world.”

When Ingersoll returned to New York, he immediately sent his memo to Luce, who made no effort to curb his general manager's enthusiasm. So the picture magazine continued to evolve. Ingersoll would later recall that “many years after *Life* was a reality, I used to chuckle over the historic oddity that *Life* got itself started without benefit, ever, of any formal decision to start it. This [fact] Time, Inc.'s own book [by Robert Elson] makes perfectly clear. How it must have confused him, a researcher after the fact, to ruffle through Time, Inc.'s interminable memoranda and the formal records of staff and even directors' meetings and nowhere ever find a flat statement: This is it! The decision has been made. . . . After Havana, the project like Topsy, simply grew.”

And this is why Ingersoll always looked on the project as his personal property. “At no stage did Harry contest this—in fact, it was not despite but because of my emotional involvement that he let the venture proceed. He never really believed in it . . . it was Mac's baby and he was having fun in his new role of backer of someone else's ideas, which was exciting even if they were impractical.”

But, of course, with such an impractical and potentially expensive project growing like Topsy, Luce had to keep control of it, and as studies came in and it became more and more obvious that the magazine was going to cost a staggering sum, Luce's involvement increased.

One thing he was not happy with were the various proposals that had grown out of Ingersoll's “Notes on a Picture Magazine.” So Luce went home one night and wrote what would become perhaps the most famous and oft-quoted magazine prospectus in history. It was dated June 8, 1936, and Ingersoll sent it around the building. It began:

“To see life; to see the world, to eyewitness great events; to watch the faces of the poor and the gestures of the proud; to see strange things—machines, armies, multitudes, shadows in the jungle and on the moon; to see man's work—his paintings, towers and discoveries, to see things thousands of miles away, things hidden behind walls and within rooms, things dangerous to come to; the women that men love and many children; to see and to take pleasure in seeing; to see and be amazed; to see and be instructed.

“Thus to see, and to be shown, is now the will and new expectancy of half mankind.

“To see, and to show, is the mission now undertaken by a new king of publication, THE SHOW BOOK OF THE WORLD, hereinafter described. . . .”

There have been several versions of how *Life* was finally chosen as the name for the “Show Book,” and Ingersoll would distinctly remember his contribution. He was sitting at Luce's desk, going over a draft of the prospectus while Luce was on the phone. After reading the opening paragraph quoted above, he circled the third word in the first line, tossed it across the desk and said, “That's your name.” But the name already belonged to another magazine, although everyone knew that magazine was in financial trouble and could probably be bought. Ingersoll knew this better than anyone because his uncle was executor for the estate of *Life*'s founder.

“To see life, to see the world, to eyewitness great events;
to watch the faces of the poor and the gestures of the proud...”

RALPH INGERSOLL COLLECTION, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR



Finally emotionally involved in the new project, Luce (here photographed without his knowledge by Ingersoll) created a now-famous prospectus for the magazine that would become Life.

Time, Inc., subsequently bought the title for \$92,000, and it was Ingersoll who negotiated the deal.

Although Luce was now increasing his role in developing the new magazine, an examination of memoranda in Time, Inc., archives from the summer of 1936 quickly illustrates why Ingersoll felt the “Show Book” was his baby. One memo about decisions still to be reached shows that Ingersoll, Longwell, and Martin were responsible for the “final size” of the magazine; Ingersoll and Longwell had to prepare the “revised layout formula”; “sample layouts for advertising pages” were to be developed by Ingersoll, Martin, and Longwell; Ingersoll, Prentice, and Laura Hobson were charged with planning a “series of advertising announcements”; Ingersoll and Cornelius DuBois were to consider the advisability of hiring new promotion personnel; Ingersoll was to work out with Hobson her division of time on promotion ventures; Ingersoll and the Luces (Henry and his son, Sheldon, who was to be the business manager) were responsible for a series of house ads about the new magazine in *Time*. Ingersoll was also involved in the design, and his own feeling about the early layouts can be seen in a memo he wrote to Luce, in which he said they gave him a “sinking feeling”:

“I felt we just did not have a magazine. The pictures excited me all over again but the layouts confused and bewildered. They yelled at me. I didn’t know where to begin, return or where to end. My eyes wouldn’t focus. Although some spreads composed, the majority didn’t. It seemed to me we had the same old thing over again.”

As the summer wore on, Luce’s involvement in the editorial planning for the new magazine increased. But Ingersoll was also very much concerned with editorial and photographic development. Margaret Bourke-White,

a photographer who would later achieve fame for her work in *Life*, said “I remember the excitement with which Ralph Ingersoll took me to ‘21’ and told me [about the new picture magazine] . . . it was mid-afternoon and ‘21’ was almost empty and very quiet and we sat in a corner and both talked our heads off for the rest of the day.”

Obviously, the most important editorial decision was the choice of a managing editor. Clare Luce later insisted her husband had led her to believe she was being considered for the job, and Ingersoll confirmed this. But, he said, he did not want another *Vanity Fair*, so enlisting the aid of Longwell, he launched a quiet campaign to keep her out of the job. And it was successful, earning him the enmity of Mrs. Luce and starting one of the longest feuds in journalism history.

As deadline day approached, there were the usual problems. Pictures for the first issue did not arrive in New York until twenty-four hours before the time they had to be put on the Twentieth Century Limited for overnight shipment to the printing plant in Chicago. So Ingersoll and Archibald MacLeish (drafted from *Fortune*) had to work around the clock doing layouts and writing captions. The deadline in Chicago was on a Saturday night, but on Monday Ingersoll was still phoning in changes.

The print order for the first issue was set in a memo from Ingersoll—466,600 copies. The first issue was dated November 19, 1936, which was a Monday, but 200,000 copies went on sale the previous Thursday morning. The test city was Worcester, Massachusetts, which received 475 copies. They sold out in the first hour, and telegrams from newsdealers all over the country indi-

“I’ve made my decision, Mac. *Life* belongs to me and I’m going to take it from you.”

cated that many other cities also sold out immediately. As a result, on that Thursday morning, what Ingersoll had believed all along would soon be confirmed: they had a huge hit on their hands that would threaten the solvency of the company if it were not properly managed. (Advertising rates had been guaranteed for at least a year based on a circulation of 250,000—and it looked as if the sales would run into the millions if they let them.)

In his Fifth Avenue apartment, Ingersoll was awakened early Thursday by *Life*’s circulation manager, who told him the news, and that he was keeping Volume 1, No. 1 on the press until further orders, or until the paper ran out. Ingersoll said, “Okay, but don’t forget that Volume 1, No. 2 has to go on these same presses soon, so take it easy.” And he immediately began to worry about how the company would ever recover from “the colossal miscalculation of *Life*’s potential to which Harry’s caution had committed us.”

Ingersoll lingered in his apartment, inventorying the problems in his mind. He was, in effect, the publisher of the new magazine as well as general manager of the company—so *Life*’s problems were his problems. He knew that once he reached the office, he would have “to keep my head when all about me might be losing theirs in the excitement of it all.”

Later he could not recall whether there was a message from Luce already waiting when he arrived or whether he called shortly after, but he would vividly remember “coming into his huge office, almost, but not quite, starry-eyed—expecting, I imagine, the kind of embrace a world series hero gets from his manager when his home run in the last of the ninth wins the series. For the ball I had hit had gone out of the park and surely I was entitled to one moment of happy hysteria, there alone with Harry! Time enough, then, to face what price the victory and to sit down to hear his wise advice (and God knows I knew I’d need it).

“But if I had been taking my stock before I joined Harry, he had been taking his. There were no preliminaries whatever. Harry’s eyes were shining. I was there and what he was saying was for and to me but it was coming out of somewhere so deep in him that I knew I had never been real to him, and was not now.

“Mac, this is very big! I know and you know that *Life* is your baby. But it’s mine too. It’s actually mine. There comes a time in every man’s life when he has to decide whether to take what is his—regardless of how he got it, if it’s his. And I’ve made my decision, Mac. *Life* belongs to me and I’m going to take it from you. And that’s only part of what I’ve decided. You and I know that this is so big that it’s going to take all the money we have in reserve and all the earnings of *Time*. It’s also going to take men. So I’m going to take whomever I need for *Life*—from the whole organiza-

tion. And you’re going to have to make the money I need from *Time*.

“So that’s what I am asking of you: that you take over *Time* and see that it goes on making the money I’ll need to spend on *Life*. I am counting on you to understand. This is so big!”

“It all happened just like that—that fast, that unambiguously. Of course the words are not the exact ones that Harry used. But the context was writ indelibly.

“Harry had not finished speaking his set piece before my decision had made itself. I heard myself answering: ‘Okay, Harry, of course I will. Until you have *Life* in the black—or for five years—whichever comes sooner. And then I am going to leave you.’

“Thank you, Mac,” Luce replied. “We’ll see. Five years is a long time from now.”

That was all there was to it. And Ingersoll recalled that “I went back to my own office [as] the publisher of *Time*. Nominally, I remained *Time*, Inc.’s general manager, but after that morning in November, ‘The Weekly Newsmagazine’ was my preserve and the *Life* that I had nursed into being was Harry’s and I never had anything more to do with it.”

And he made his decision, on the elevator of the Chrysler Building, returning to his office, “that I would never again lose myself in the creation of a publication that belonged to someone else—even Harry Luce.”

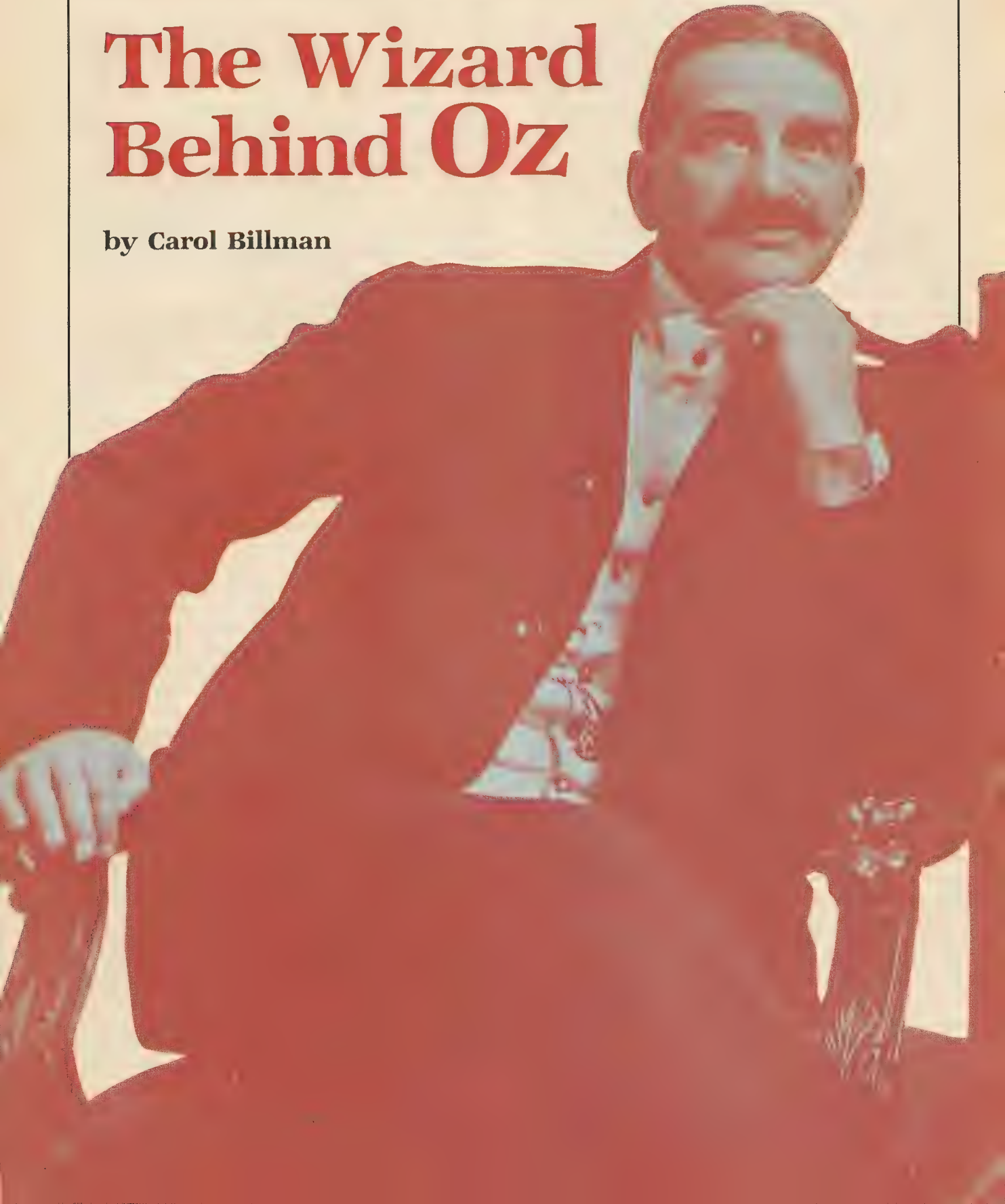
Postscript: *Life* went on to become one of the most successful magazines in American history, until a combination of high advertising rates and competition from television forced its retirement in 1972. In recent years it has been revived as a monthly, but it no longer creates the great excitement it once did as a weekly news-picture magazine. Henry Luce remained head of his company until his retirement in 1964; he died in 1967.

After his decision never to lose himself again in someone else’s publication, Ralph Ingersoll left *Time*, Inc., in 1939 to start his own “new kind of newspaper,” the controversial New York tabloid, *PM*. In 1942 he joined the Army, leaving *PM* to Marshall Field, who now owned it. He served two years on the staff of Omar Bradley in Europe, distinguishing himself with his work on the Deception Program, designed to fool Hitler into thinking the Allies were landing at Calais rather than Normandy. He also wrote two best selling war books: *The Battle Is the Payoff* and *Top Secret*. After the war, he tried to revive the sagging *PM*, but it failed in 1948. He also tried unsuccessfully to launch a literary career with a controversial novel, *The Great Ones*, about the Luces. Then he started a newspaper management company, from which he retired a multimillionaire in 1982. Ingersoll died in March of this year at the age of eighty-five. ★

Roy Hoopes has written twenty-four books and contributed articles to more than forty magazines and newspapers.

L. Frank Baum: The Wizard Behind Oz

by Carol Billman



The path to success for one of America's most beloved authors was as circuitous as the road to the Emerald City.

No doubt about it, Oz is in our cultural bloodstream. There is an active International Wizard of Oz Club, with its own publication, *The Baum Bugle*. License plates issued by the state of Kansas include the motto "Land of Aaahs." The Walt Disney Studios have joined the society for the preservation of Oz with their recent release of yet another film about the imaginary land, *Return to Oz*.

There is much more. American scientists christened one of their projects "Ozma" in the 1950s. The red slippers worn by Judy Garland in the 1939 film version of the first Oz book are enshrined in the Museum of American History in our national capital. British rock star Elton John alluded to the thoroughfare down which those slippers skipped in his song "Goodbye Yellow Brick Road." Commenting on the capital of Oz, science fiction writer Ray Bradbury confessed, "I began to read about Oz when I was seven or eight and by the time I was nine I lived, most of the time, in the Emerald City."

Bradbury went on to say, "Mr. Baum taught me how to dream, to fantasize . . . to have fun with the images inside my mind." But most legatees of this extraordinary vision fail to credit the maker, the eccentric behind the panchromatic vistas and one-of-a-kind characters stored away in our imaginations. Many do not even know the name of Lyman Frank Baum, creator of Oz.

The life and career of L. Frank Baum were as circuitous as the brick road Dorothy takes to the Emerald City. Baum's story begins in upper New York, in the small town of Chittenango, not far from Syracuse. Born on May 15, 1856, he was the son of Benjamin Ward Baum, whose German ancestors had lived in the area for over a hundred years, and Cynthia Stanton, who came from a family of strict Methodists.

Frank's father was rich. He had made his money in the nation's first oil fields in Pennsylvania, and his son



grew up on a country estate named Rose Lawn. Many years afterward, Baum described his first surroundings: "acres and acres of velvety green lawns . . . In every direction were winding paths covered with white gravel, which led to all parts of the grounds, looking for all the world like a map." The look of the fantastic realm he was later to create originated in this comfortable retreat.

Young Baum was pampered. Four of his siblings died in childhood, and Frank was born with a bad heart. Except for an unhappy two-year stint at the Peekskill Military Academy, he was educated at home. He was a dreamer, and purportedly passed many of his hours reading Victorian novels and writing in the unoccupied rooms of Rose Lawn.

But Baum was equally fascinated by the machines popping up everywhere in America after mid-century.



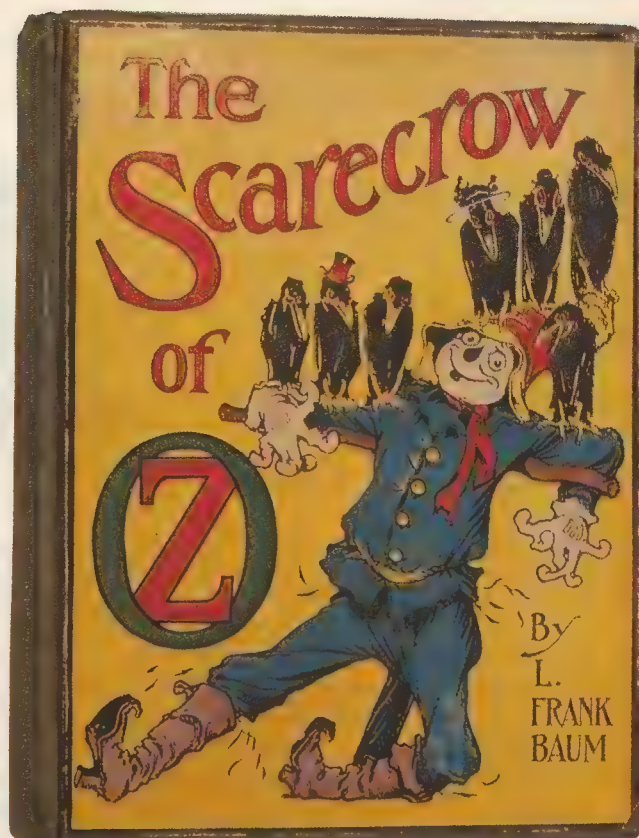
At fifteen he possessed a printing press, the gift of his doting father. For three years he and his younger brother Harry published a monthly newspaper, *The Rose Lawn Home Journal*, full of poems, information for postage stamp collectors, and other "news."

Poems, postage stamps, and printing were not the only interests of this versatile and restless young man. He began to raise and breed chickens, won prizes for his fowls, and in 1886 wrote the treatise *The Book of the Hamburgs*. (Baum's third Oz novel, written over twenty years later, introduces a crotchety hen, Billina, who accompanies Dorothy to the magical realm.)

When he published his book about chickens, Baum was thirty years old and had already tried many hats beyond that of poultry farmer. He sold Baum's Castorine, an axle grease, for his father's company. Under the name of George Brooks, he was an actor touring New York with Shakespearean troupes. He managed a chain of opera houses owned by his family.

He wrote a melodrama, music and lyrics included, called *The Maid of Arran*. The "idyllic Irish drama" was a one-man show, "Louis F. Baum" being credited as author, producer, director, and starring actor. The play was such a crowd-pleaser that he took it on tour to Canada, to the Midwest, and throughout New York.

During this successful tour Frank Baum met Maud Gage. Maud was the daughter of suffragist Mathilda Joslyn Gage, who led rallies of the day, and with Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Susan B. Anthony wrote a record of the nineteenth-century women's movement. Maud and Frank were married in 1882, an unlikely pair some said, for Maud was as quick-tempered and practical as Frank was whimsical. But the match worked, and Maud and Frank were fast companions all their lives. Baum would dedicate his most successful Oz book to "my good friend & comrade, My wife."



Two sons were soon born. The Baums moved to South Dakota, where Frank became an accomplished amateur photographer of the prairie. He also opened Baum's Bazaar, a fancy goods store, but it failed. The frontier was drying up, and no rain meant no money. Then there was the added problem that Baum would not accept money from customers who were destitute.

Next, Baum assumed the position of owner and editor of the *Aberdeen Saturday Pioneer*. From the editor's chair he wrote a spirited column, "Our Landlady," that was vintage Gilded Age journalism in its mix of opinionated social commentary and humor. But in time the paper, too, dried up. By now Maud and Frank had four sons.

Still Baum's zest did not wane. Like other Americans, he was caught up in the excitement surrounding the upcoming World's Fair in Chicago, the Columbian Exposition of 1893. He went to that city and eventually took a job there as a newspaper reporter at the salary of twenty dollars

a week. To add to that meager sum, Maud taught young ladies the art of embroidery, for ten cents an hour. The family lived in a house without modern plumbing.

Then Baum returned to sales, peddling china and glassware—and fireworks!—throughout the Midwest. So that he could stay home with his family (his chronic heart condition had manifested itself once more), he gave up selling and started a magazine for window decorators, *The Show Window*. For once, he was moderately successful.

By this time Baum was over forty. At last he had some spare time, and in part due to his mother-in-law's urging, he began to write down the children's stories with which he had long been entertaining his boys. His first publication in this field, *Mother Goose in Prose*, appeared in time for the 1897 Christmas season. It was illustrated by a newcomer with a future, the young Maxfield Parrish.

Baum started the new century with a bang, producing four children's

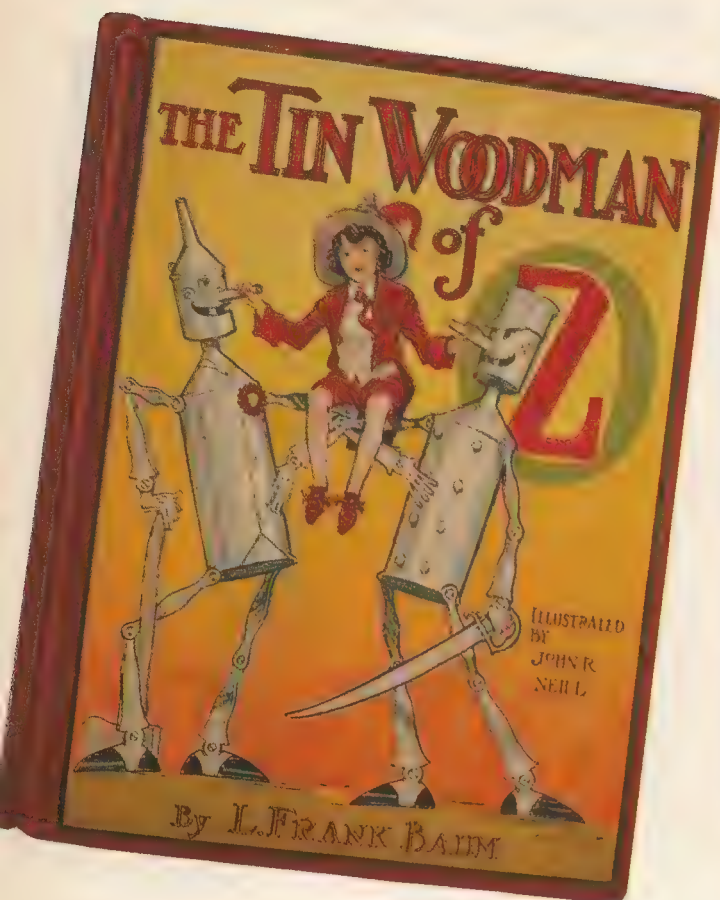
books and a tome called *The Art of Decorating Dry Goods Windows and Interiors* during 1900. One of the juvenile publications, *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz*, changed his life.

The Oz chronicles originated in storytelling sessions at the Baums' Chicago home. Legend has it that Baum did not give name to his fictional world until, pressed by a young listener to identify the land, he looked around the room and fixed upon a filing cabinet, one of whose drawers was labeled "O-Z."

Baum was not so sure that he had a winner in this tale. Writing to his brother the month before publication of *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz*, he confessed:

"Mr. Hill, the publisher, says he expects a sale of at least a quarter of a million copies on it. If he is right, that book alone solves my problems. But the queer, unreliable Public has not yet spoken. I only need one hit this year to make my [financial] position secure. . . . But there—who knows anything!"

The fantasy, chronicling the now well-known adventures of Dorothy, the Scarecrow, the Tin Woodman, and the Cowardly Lion, was bril-



liantly illustrated by William Wallace Denslow, a crusty newspaperman Baum had met at the Chicago Press Club. Denslow had already collaborated with Baum on two other books, but it was the story of Oz that inspired his best work.

Reviewers of the book raved. *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz* was compared with Lewis Carroll's classic *Alice in Wonderland*. A critic for *The New York Times* wrote, "It will indeed be strange if there be a normal child who will not enjoy the story."

He was right. Fan mail from children across the country thanked Baum for Oz, one anonymous correspondent confessing, "I couldn't write a book like that. I think I love you." Readers besieged Baum to write more about his wonderful world—and so he did, gradually falling into the pattern of producing one Oz book a year. In time, he grew to resent the hold Oz had on him. In the Introduction to *Dorothy and the Wizard in Oz*, he complains, "I know lots of other stories but my loving tyrants won't allow me to tell them.

They cry 'Oz—more Oz!'"

The Marvelous Land of Oz, The Road to Oz, The Emerald City of Oz, The Patchwork Girl of Oz, Tik-Tok of Oz . . . Baum had completed fourteen Oz novels when he died in 1919. Commenting on his habits in writing an Oz book, Baum said, "By close application there's about six weeks work on it. If I took my time I'd devote two months to getting it ready for the press."

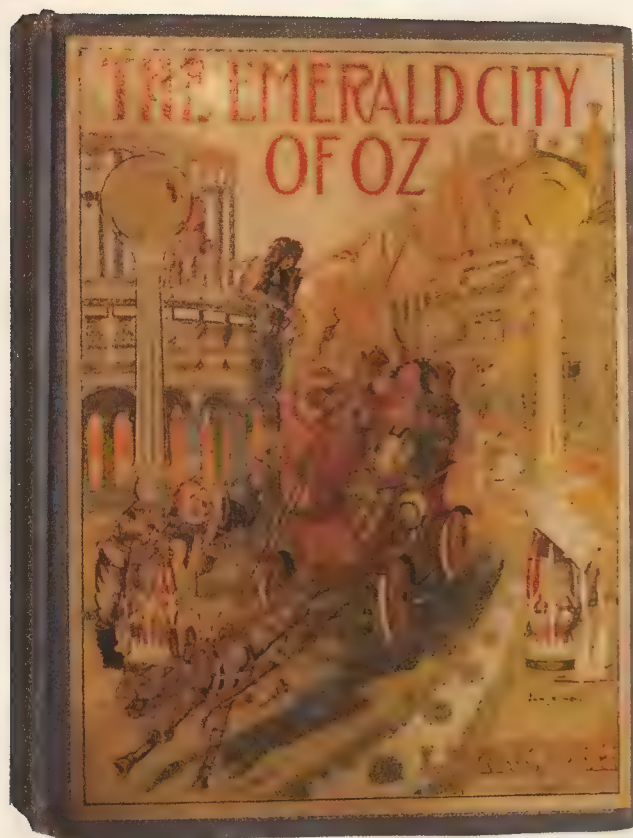
Some of the later books suffer the fate common to sequels in the genre of literary fantasy: successive adventures were often not as memorable as the first voyage to and through Oz. And Denslow and Baum had a falling out over who deserved credit for the original triumph.

There were, however, some very successful returns to Oz, and a changing cast of characters to keep the stories fresh. General Jinjur, leader of an army of girl revolutionaries who capture the Emerald City, comments on the suffragists of Baum's day. The general is a winning figure,

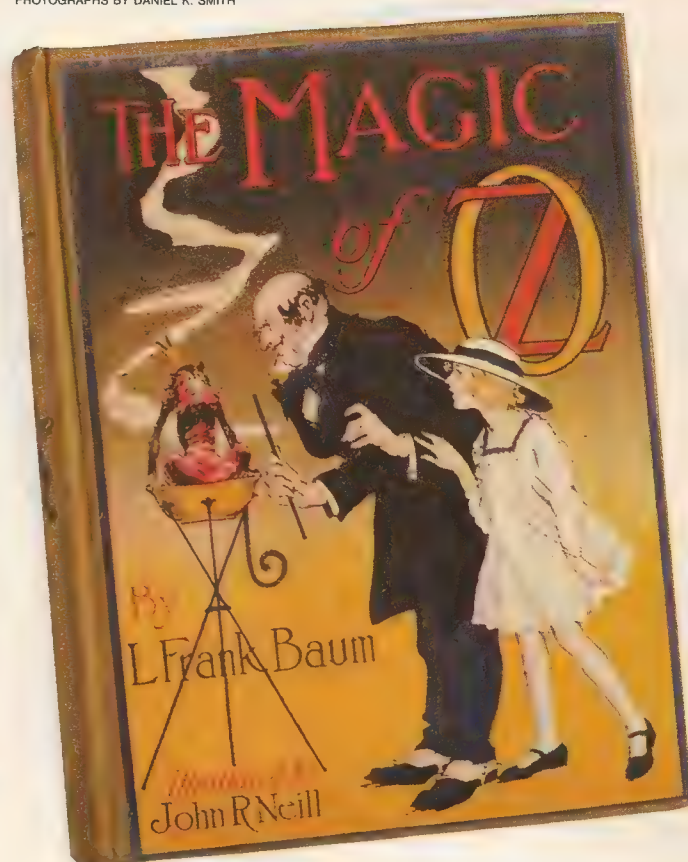
Baum's gentle satire notwithstanding. So is another character who appears in *The Marvelous Land of Oz*, Professor H.M. Woggle-Bug, T.E. (for "Thoroughly Educated"). This pompous and pedantic insect became so well-known that he later starred in his own musical play, his own picture book, and his own advertisement for Hamm's Beer.

In subsequent Oz books readers met Princess Ozma, the mechanical man Tik-Tok, the Nome King, Scraps the Patchwork Girl, and the Shaggy Man. All Oz novels after the first were illustrated, and illustrated very well, by John R. Neill. Neill's pictures became the images that generations of children have carried with them of the places and people of Oz. His Dorothy, in particular, updated Denslow's plump farm child, making her a stylish blonde girl of the Progressive Era.

Even as he produced one Oz book after another, Baum pursued other projects, for his imagination was enormous and his pocketbook usually empty. He is credited with over fifty non-Oz publications, many



OZ COVERS FROM THE COLLECTION OF MICHAEL PATRICK HEARN
REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF THE BAUM TRUST
PHOTOGRAPHS BY DANIEL K. SMITH



of which were experiments in writing what Baum termed the “modernized fairy tale.”

In his Introduction to *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz*, Baum wrote:

“... the time has come for a series of newer “wonder tales” in which the stereotyped genie, dwarf and fairy are eliminated, together with all the horrible and bloodcurdling incident devised by their authors to point a fearsome moral to each tale. Modern education includes morality; therefore the modern child seeks only entertainment in its wonder-tales and gladly dispenses with all disagreeable incident.”

And so Baum invented more lands like Oz, in which fancy and fun and all things good far outweigh the wicked witches and winged monkeys. In *A New Wonderland* (1900) he created his most utopian world, Phunniland, where it rains only lemonade, and the sun’s rays are perfumed, where all necessities grow on trees, and no one ever dies.

Baum also wrote *American Fairy Tales*, *The Master Key* (an “electrical fairy tale”), *Animal Fairy Tales*, and *The Life and Adventures of Santa Claus*. Under such pseudonyms as

Floyd Akers and Captain Hugh Fitzgerald he was active in the booming juvenile series book business, penning sagas about Sam Steele and The Boy Fortune Hunters.

His most successful venture in the series book line, however, was addressed to female adolescents. *Aunt Jane’s Nieces* by “Edith Van Dyne” ran to ten volumes between 1906 and 1915. Perhaps because of his own unathletic and antimilitaristic bent, Baum favored and fared better with stories about girls, as his plucky pioneer girl Dorothy in the Oz series best demonstrates.

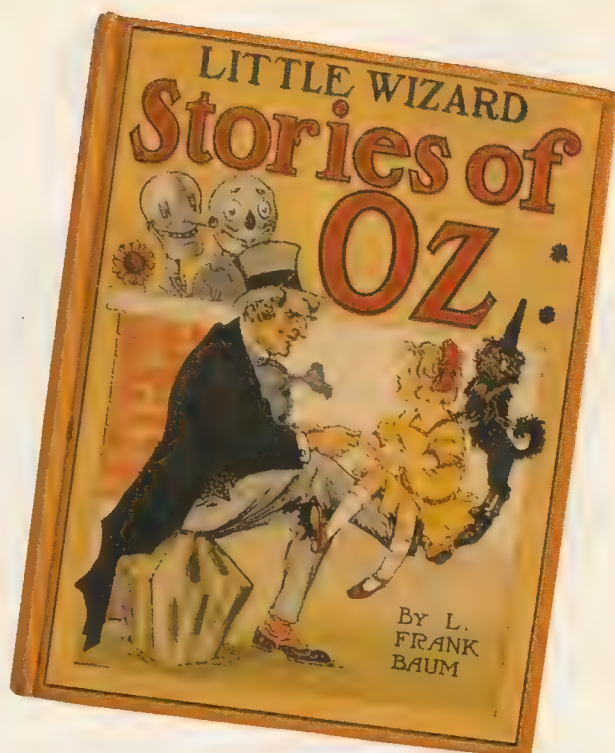
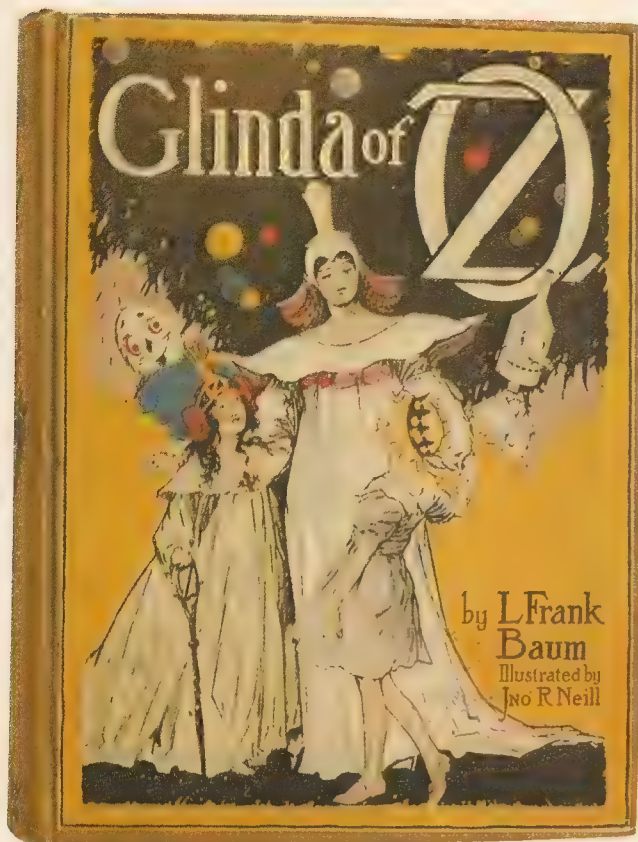
Despite his immense energy, Baum’s financial picture was alternately rosy and gray. In 1903 he was able to indulge himself with a fanciful

cottage on Lake Michigan, which he named “The Sign of the Goose.”

Meanwhile, the Oz phenomenon grew, sometimes taking shapes quite different from the original fantasy books. A Broadway play loosely based on *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz* ran for nine years, from 1902 to 1911. Baum initially wrote a play-script that was faithful to the novel, but producer Julian Mitchell had other ideas. In the play that was performed, Dorothy became a young woman, and her canine sidekick Toto was replaced by a pet cow.

Baum himself dramatized his next Oz book, *The Marvelous Land of Oz*, turning it into an extravaganza named *The Wogglebug*. The musical flopped. But Maud and Frank were still able to make a grand tour of Europe and northern Africa in 1906, thanks to the sales strength of the Oz novels. Nor did this theatrical failure dampen Baum’s enthusiasm for attempting to visualize his literary creations. As he had earlier explained in a newspaper interview, “Few people can understand the feelings of an author who for the first time sees his

Suggested additional reading: The Annotated Wizard of Oz: The Wonderful Wizard of Oz by L. Frank Baum with an introduction, notes, and bibliography by Michael Patrick Hearn (Clarkson N. Potter, Inc., 1973); and The Oz Scrapbook by David L. Green and Dick Martin (Random House, 1977).



creations depicted by living characters upon the stage.”

In 1911, after Baum invested heavily in “Radio Plays”—Touring Oz shows using hand-colored movies and slides—he declared bankruptcy, listing his assets as two suits of clothes and a typewriter. This setback restrained the indefatigable Baum no more than had his weak heart. By this time the Baums were settled in a new home—named Ozcot—just off Sunset Boulevard in Hollywood, where Baum lived for the rest of his life.

Inevitably, Frank Baum began to dabble in the film industry. In 1914 he set up the Oz Film Manufacturing Company and produced his first

silent film, which was based on *The Patchwork Girl of Oz*. Four other feature-length movies followed, though the company was always plagued by distribution problems.

Frank Baum was not the only one to ride the coattails of Oz’s success. Oz films have regularly appeared in the more than sixty years since Baum died—films featuring Judy Garland, Shirley Temple, Diana Ross and Michael Jackson, and now Fairuz Balk. The world of Oz also lived on for decades between the covers of books. First, a young woman from Philadelphia, Ruth Plumly Thompson, continued the saga at the request of Baum’s publisher, Reilly and Lee.

For Oz Lovers

Readers with a special interest in L. Frank Baum and his writings may be interested in the International Wizard of Oz Club, a sixteen-hundred-member organization founded in 1957. Members receive the club’s illustrated magazine, *The Baum Bugle*, which is published three times a year and contains popular and scholarly articles about Oz and its creators. The club also sponsors an annual convention, featuring scholarly papers about Oz subjects, displays and auctions of rare and hard-to-find Oz and Baum material, showings of Oz films, and much conversation about Oz in all its aspects. Dues are \$10 per year. Write: Fred M. Meyer, Executive Secretary, The International Wizard of Oz Club, 220 North 11th Street, Escanaba, MI 49829.

Between 1921 and 1939, she was responsible for nineteen Oz books (more than Baum himself). Then John R. Neill, the illustrator of Oz, wrote three more books, followed by Jack Snow in the 1940s and research biologist Rachel Cosgrove in the 1950s. Baum’s son, Frank Joslyn Baum, also wrote a sequel, as did the mother-daughter team Eloise Jarvis McGraw and Lauren McGraw Wagner.

What is behind Oz’s enduring penetration of the American marketplace and secure position in the mainstream of our popular culture? Certainly it is not Baum’s writing style, which earned him criticism or neglect from many English teachers and librarians in the books’ heyday. Baum wrote quickly, and it shows, especially when his work is held up against contemporary juvenile classics such as *Peter Pan* and *The Wind in the Willows*.

His style is pedestrian at best, and the overabundance of bad puns has offended some readers. “Hereafter you will be a great man, for I have given you a lot of bran-new brains,” the Wizard tells the Scarecrow after filling his head with straw and bran. And Baum’s disregard for revision often led to inconsistencies and meandering in his plots.



A few of the characters who have delighted generations of readers dance across an illustration from *The Scarecrow of Oz*. They include, from left to right: Jack Pumpkinhead, Pon, the Wizard, Button-Bright, Trot, Tik-Tok, Dorothy, Princess Ozma, the Scarecrow, the Tin Woodman, and (on fence) the Woozy.

Children, however, like puns and do not mind an unruly story if it is full of adventure and exciting characters. The tales of Oz have those attributes in good measure, but there is more to their lasting power. Baum wrote the first native fantasy American children had known, aside from Nathaniel Hawthorne's juvenile retellings of classical myth in the 1850s and Howard Pyle's tales of Robin Hood and medieval knights.

The Oz saga is not a reworking of European material. It is as American as the Kansas prairie in terms of the gumption Dorothy displays when confronted by the new and marvelous. And the Wizard's approach to the travelers' requests is American self-help philosophy at its best. You already have what you need within yourself—brains, a heart, courage—he tells each of them in turn. Even the cyclone that transports Dorothy to Oz in the first novel had its roots in the dramatic weather patterns in the Midwest in the 1890s.

In the 1920s, Edward Wagenknecht called Oz an "American utopia." He found the use of machinery in the Oz books characteristically American: machines, not supernaturally gifted people, supply the key magic in Oz. The Wizard himself is, after all, merely a homely inventor from Omaha. This machine-minded approach to enchantment also makes

Baum's books pioneers in the field of science fantasy.

Some adult students of Baum's books observe even more deep-seated American ties in his work. Historians have read Oz as a political allegory. One interpretation views the first book as a populist fable in which the travelers to the Emerald City represent various allied political factions. The Woodman is the factory worker; the Scarecrow, the farmer; and the Lion, William Jennings Bryan.

Hidden meanings aside, much of Oz's impact comes from that fantasy world's surface glitter. Frank Baum was a man with a strong visual sense, a man given to theatrical gesture, costume, and scene. As a consequence, Baum's fantasy land has enormous visual appeal. The author was, to be sure, aided by his illustrators in creating a place that begs to be imagined, re-created in readers' minds. In *The Wonderful Wizard*, Denslow's experimental rendering of the book's color scheme complemented the vivid verbal picture Baum sketched: When the story shifts to a new territory of Oz, readers come upon pages decorated in the appropriate hue.

Like an actual character in one of Baum's later stories, the land of Oz is Polychrome. Each of the four territories has its own dominant color. Munchkin Country is blue, Winkie

yellow, Gillikin purple, and Quadling red. In the center lies the radiant Emerald capital, and it is a stunning sight:

"Even with eyes protected by the green spectacles Dorothy and her friends were at first dazzled by the brilliancy of the wonderful City. The streets were lined with beautiful houses all built of green marble and studded everywhere with sparkling emeralds. . . . The window panes were of green glass; even the sky above the City had a green tint, and the rays of the sun were green."

No map appeared in the first edition of *The Wonderful Wizard*, but many have since been devised. Parker Brothers produced a game that plots out the story on a mapboard over which the players move their pawns. An amusement park reproducing the geography of the fantasy realm has been set up in Banner Elk, North Carolina. Taken along with the many stage and film adaptations Baum's writing has spawned, these visual spinoffs provide the best clue to the wizardry behind Oz. Frank Baum makes others see his world—and seeing is believing in Oz. ★

Carol Billman is director of Read-Aloud, which promotes reading to preschool-age children. A former English professor, she is now a free lance writer, editor, and teacher-lecturer with a focus on children's literature.

The Flight that Changed the World

Continued from page 19

portant flight of the war—maybe the one that can end it.” At least one crew member gasps. Another whistles.

During much of the flight, Tibbets smokes his Kay-woodie briar.

Night fades into dawn. The sky turns pink.

Iwo Jima is plainly visible below at 5:00 A.M., Japanese time. (The bombers have crossed a time zone. But the chronometer is kept on Tinian time, so it is 6:00 A.M., plane time.) On the ground, a back-up B-29 awaits. Should the *Enola Gay* be unable to continue the flight, Tibbets is to land on the volcanic island and switch crew and bomb to the standby aircraft. No need. The *Enola Gay*'s four twenty-two-hundred-horsepower Wright Cyclone engines keep on churning.

Tibbets makes a circle above Mount Suribachi to allow the *Great Artiste* and *91* to catch up with him. Then they head northwest in a “V” formation, the *Enola Gay* leading the way to Japan.

“I let the aircraft drift upward as we keep burning gasoline, getting lighter,” says Tibbets. “It is a different kind of flight from the combat missions in Europe. I’m not thinking about fighter planes and anti-aircraft. We’re above their reach. I don’t fear the enemy as much as I fear I might have overlooked something. I called every shot on the mission. Could I have called one wrong?”

The electronics countermeasures operator scans Japanese frequencies. Their early warning radar has locked onto the *Enola Gay*. He decides not to upset Tibbets, with word that the Japanese are tracking them.

At about 6:30 A.M. the assistant weaponeer again crawls into the bomb bay. He unscrews three small green plugs from the side of the atomic bomb, then puts three red plugs in their place.

Tibbets calls out over the intercom: “We are now carrying the world’s first attack-ready atomic bomb.”

Among the crew: silence.

A half-hour later, all three weather planes, now over Japan, radio to Tibbets an all-clear on the three target cities. Tibbets signals to the listening post on Iwo Jima: “Primary.” The primary target is Hiroshima.

The *Enola Gay* continues to climb toward its attack altitude, thirty-one thousand feet.

At about 7:30 A.M., the *Enola Gay* is over Japan. The *Great Artiste* is to the right, the *91* is to the left, each a mile behind the lead.

Tibbets begins his bomb run by radar twenty miles from Hiroshima.

Then bombardier Tom Ferebee, peering through his bombsight, says, “I see the city.” The navigator double-checks, viewing through the bombsight: “It’s Hiroshima.”

Hiroshima is clear and bright in the morning sun. “I recognize it from all the photos we had studied,” Tibbets says. “I can distinguish the rivers, the streets, even gardens.”

At 8:10 A.M. Hiroshima time, five minutes before bomb release, the *Enola Gay* is at thirty-one thousand

feet and right on track.

At 8:14 A.M., bombardier Ferebee activates a contact with the radio transmitter, causing it to send out a steady tone. This lets the crew and the trailing planes know that there is one minute until bomb release.

Tibbets tells the crew: “On glasses.” They put on welder’s goggles and shield their eyes.

The countermeasures operator reports that no enemy radar is threatening to explode the bomb’s fuse.

With thirty seconds to go, Ferebee says, “I’ve got the aiming point in the cross hairs.” He targets Aioi Bridge, in the center of Hiroshima. Ferebee counts down. “Fifteen seconds . . . ten seconds . . . five seconds . . .”

At 8:15 and seventeen seconds, the tone ceases.

The bomb is away.

The *Enola Gay*, four-and-a-half tons lighter, jumps ten feet. Instantly, Tibbets slams into his 155-degree roller-coaster turn—sharp right, downward slant. The *Great Artiste* follows suit, turning right; the *91* turns left.

The bomb falls for forty-three seconds.

At 8:16 A.M. the bomb detonates 1,890 feet above the Aioi Bridge, just about as planned.

The *Enola Gay* is about eight miles away from the city when the atomic flash lights up the aircraft’s interior. Tibbets feels the blast in his teeth; the bomb’s radiation sets up an electrolytic action in his silver-lead fillings. “I could taste it,” he remembers.

A shock wave hits the plane. The *Enola Gay* rocks, a ship in the storm. “We turn to look at Hiroshima,” recalls Tibbets. “The city is hidden by that big, purplish cloud, boiling up, incredibly tall—up beyond our altitude and still climbing.”

Beneath it: some two hundred thousand Japanese killed or wounded.

Out of it: the Atomic Age.

Writes a crew member in his log: “My God!”

These days, Tibbets notes, the *Enola Gay* lies scattered in several pieces over a floor in a Smithsonian Institution hangar near Washington, D.C.

“We were fighting a war for survival,” he states, “and that’s what my mission was all about.” As for the ultimate meaning of the bombing of Hiroshima: “I don’t know if it had any other meaning except to show mankind the futility of war.”

Tibbets looks at the photograph of his crew. “I remember them one and all,” he says quietly. “About half of them have since passed away. I remember the men. The *Enola Gay*. The flight. I remember every bit of it.

He stares at the picture.

“And I always will.”

Tibbets has arranged that, following his death, his ashes be scattered in the sky. ★

Edward Oxford is a free lance writer based in New York City.

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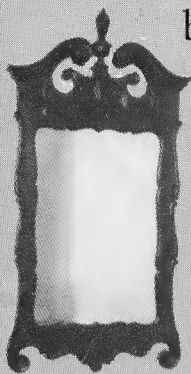
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